



fuzz

FUZZ

VOL 3

Mauvais sang

The only way to paint the states

Is to do it in words

With one syllable into the ditch

Cover Photo: Donkey Bugs by Louis Knight
Inside Poem : Sam Carpenter

contributors

JOE CHAMANDY

Joe is a Montreal guy who plays in many bands, does gig posters, and puts together Celluloid Lunch zine. Check out Protruders. And stay posted for a new band this year.

www.celluloidlunch.com

Pgs : 3, 10, 67, 68, 82

MEGGIE MOHAWK

Meggie currently lives in Cleveland but wants to move to Alaska! She has two cats, Mimi and Bing :)

@meggiecomix

Pgs : Poster insert

T. WESLEY SNEAD

T. Wesley Snead makes fine art. It's not great -- or even good, sometimes -- but it's fine.

@twesleysnead

Pgs : 6, 73, 85

LOUIS KNIGHT

Louis is a photographer who captures the various subsects of the Cleveland music scene on film. His work encompasses bands in all genres from rap to punk to pop and beyond.

@_motleylou_

Pgs : Front cover, 12-15

ALEX WARD

Alex is the co-creator of the comedy show The Little Lions' Den. You will follow him on Instagram @littlelionsden and Twitter @galaxys9plus.

Pgs : 17-24

fuzz-zine.tumblr.com

contributors

SCOTTY

Scotty is a fanfiction writer from somewhere in Ohio who was once featured on the Denny's tumblr page.

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Pgs: 1-2, 4, 7-9, 11, 69-70, 72, 77-78, 81

SAM CARPENTER

Sam is a local photo jackass. He is 25 and has two tattoos.

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Pgs : Title pg, 25-26, 75-76, 80, Back Cover

SAMANTHA WENDEL

Samantha is an indirect contributor. She is a designer who has allowed some of her designs to be disseminated for free in response to the murder of George Floyd.

[@dethscum](https://www.instagram.com/dethscum)

Pg 84

MCGRUFF THE CRIME DOG

McGruff is an anthropomorphic animated bloodhound created by Jack Keil to increase crime awareness and personal safety in the United States. via The Ad Council at the request of the US Department of Justice.

Pg 16

KAT CADE

Kat is a photographer who digs music. She compiles, edits, and designs this zine.

Pgs : remaining uncredited content

www.cargocollective.com/katcade

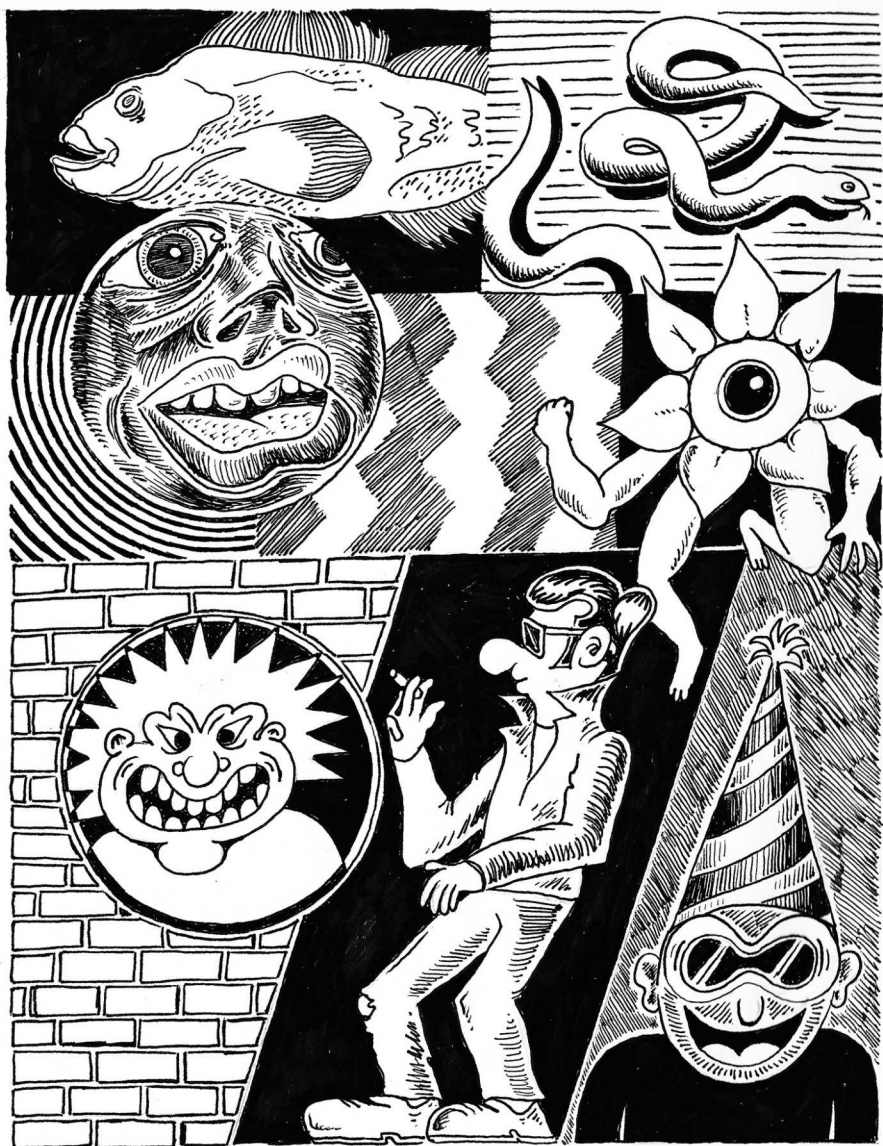
Destiny by Scotty

And so, destiny has steered your wobbly little shit show of a life to stanky ol' Cleveland, OH, a nice place for a young buck like yourself to make a good life for himself. Seems like as good a place as any to live, lots of work and beautiful women, not to mention a gorgeous freshwater lake to dip your toes into in the summertime. Yes, you're pretty sure your luck is about to turn around now that you've made it to the Rock n Roll capital of the world, where dozens (or at least half a dozen) legendary bands (I won't name them here) got their start playing clubs and raging parties and recording music in home studios before eventually moving to LA or New York to catch their big break. Yes, Cleveland is quite a mecca for a young rock n roller like yourself, an ambitious young punk with a liberal arts degree in your back pocket and a fresh new tattoo on your arm. Things are looking your way.

Conveniently, there's a welcoming head shop around the corner from your new home. They have a sign out front which reads, "Are you masturbating because you're horny or do you just need the dopamine?" Yes, a thought provoking question indeed. You wander in, hoping to meet some nice locals to establish yourself with seeing as you are new to the neighborhood. There's a well dressed man who reeks of alcohol

talking endless sentences at the woman behind the counter. She ignores him as she exchanges your dollar for a lighter, and you awkwardly thank her as you exit the shop, trying not to notice the man following you out the door.

Hey man can I ask you a question? Hey, man, hey what's up, hey hey hold on one second man can you slow down just for one second. Hey man I'm Greg it's nice to meet you, yeah it's real nice to meet you can I shake your hand? It's real nice to meet you, real nice, I like that jacket. yeah yeah that's a real nice jacket, you make that yourself? Foreal? You put all them studs on? Oh, that's nice, that's real nice, let me ask you something man, lemme just ask you...You like big black dick? No, it's cool man it's cool I'm not even gay or nothing I'm just wondering, like, you kow I can get any woman I want it ain't even like that I'm just trying to get my dick sucked. You like coke? Oh you think I'm a bum don't you, no I got money man, check this out I'll count this shit for you. 20, 40, 60, 80, man I got like 400 dollars right here man, I can get the pussy, it's not like I can't get pussy bro, I just like that mouth. Yeah you got a nice mouth, anybody ever tell you that you got a nice mouth? You do, you got a nice mouth.



THERE WERE SOME TRULY HEARTFELT THOUGHTS FOR FLORIDA'S BOSS, BUT HE WAS TOO BUSY WITH HIS OTHER NOVELTY BANDS. RICHARD, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO GET ON YOUR LEVEL IF YOU WERE ONCE **TOO PUNK FOR HEAVY METAL?** AND SINCE YOU DID PASS ON THE SECOND BEST AND THEN IGNORED OUR DISTRO REQUEST, WHY WOULD YOU
 3 NOW DESERVE **ICE?** SUPPOSE I AM A **TOTAL DINK?**

SHITBLIMP - A GROUNDBREAKING STANDARD OF THE GENRE

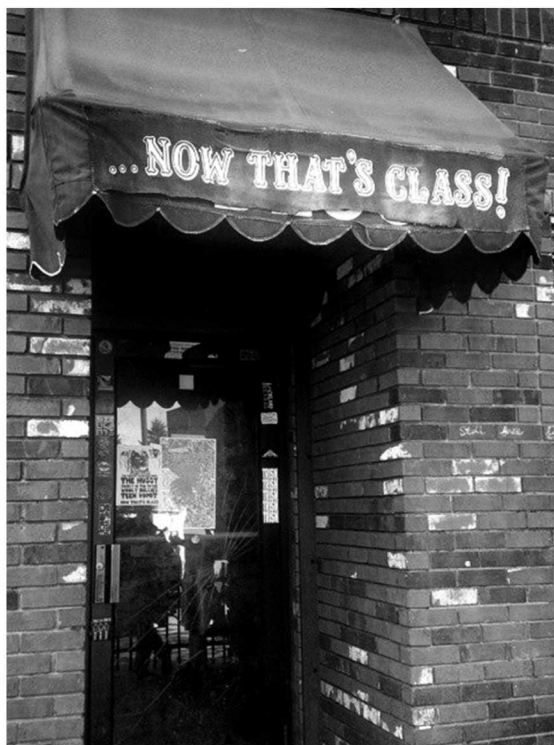
Ultimate kings of the ultra fast bop boom bop. I guess I'm usually drunk when I see them live cus I was expecting more blast beats on this release, but the drumming style is definitely way groovy as fuck and leaves nothing to be desired. I guess I always relate them to SPAZZ in my head, partially cus they got the same double vocals 3 piece setup, partially cus of the speed and frequent changes, but after jammin this record I guess I realise how stupid, or like oversimple, that comparison is. This shits muddy and a little nasty and ultimately really unique with a ton of subtle changes and little details that you could easily miss. That's to say it's high energy enough and flowy enough that you can just relax and jam this shit, it doesn't force you to dissect and appreciate the intricacies of it, it just exists that way. It offers a lot of meat for the close listeners and the moshers alike. Blown the fuck out bass n guitar tones and ripping strained vocals from both singers. Favorite track is "For the Picking." It rips and has the gnarliest slow parts, except slow for this band is more like mid tempo. Hue Jackson called it right, this record is a hit.

-Scotty









NTC THOH

by Scotty

Meggie Mohawk, bartender at a fine local Cleveland establishment, is getting ready to close down the bar after a wildly successful and lucrative punk rock show. She had just finished kicking out the last of the stragglers when she received a phone call from the bar's owner. For the purposes of this story, we'll call him Paul.

"Meggie," The raspy voice on the other end gasps. "I'm going to need you to stay late tonight, I have a very important job for you to take care of."

"Paul?" She asks, hesitantly. "Is everything okay? You sound...different."

"I'm fine, listen, I'm gonna need you to stay late and clean the bathrooms tonight. We have some very important investors coming from Pittsburgh tomorrow and we need to make a good impression."

Now, Meggie found this request to be very strange because she knew well as anybody that nobody had ever cleaned the bathrooms of this particular venue, not even once. But getting investors for the bar sounded important, so she assured Paul she could stay another hour and clean the bathrooms.

An hour later, Meggie is pouring out the mop bucket and wiping sweat from her brow when she feels the floors start to rumble and hears a strange sound all



around her. She looks up and suddenly she witnesses the roof being ripped right off the building, as if the hand of god had reached down and popped the lid off of this forsaken can of sardines. Debris is flying everywhere, microphones and other sound equipment are being pulled into the sky by an unknown force.

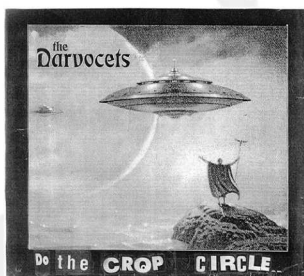
"Oh no!" Meggie says, "Paul is not going to like it very much when he comes home and sees this! What the heck is going on? I'm so confused!"

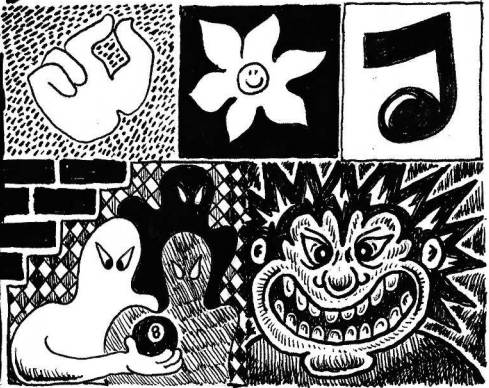
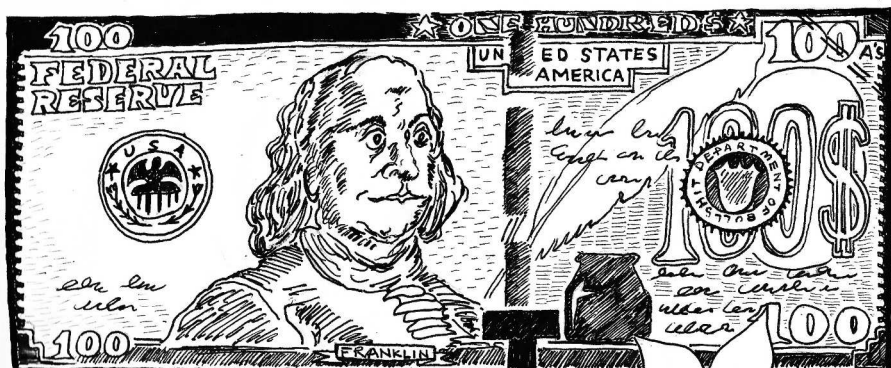
Then, in the blink of an eye, Meggie is pulled into the sky. She is both terrified and oddly excited as she processes what is happening to her. "Oh boy!" She exclaims. The unknown force carries her rapidly into the sky, then through the doors of what Meggie recognizes to be a flying saucer.

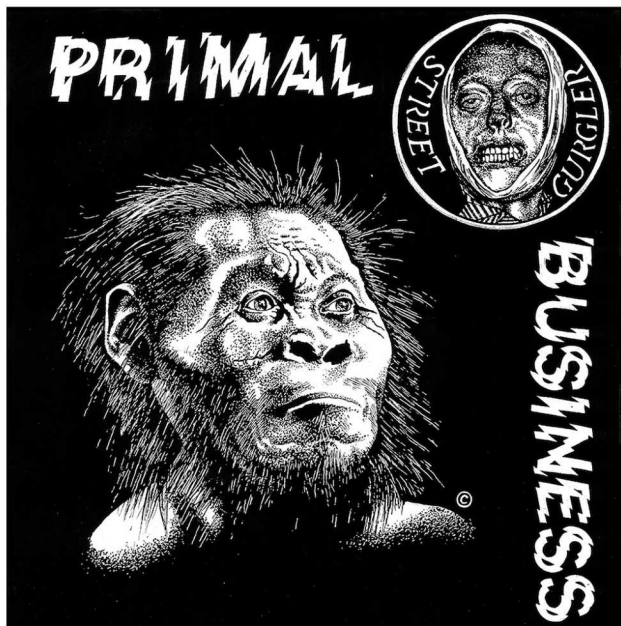
I knew there was something fishy going on, she thinks to herself as the same force that violently ripped her from her world gently sits her down in a comfortable silver chair.

"Oh, thank you," She says, before her wrists are suddenly bound to the very same chair by metal cuffs. "Oh..."

Finally, Meggie is confronted by a disgusting green alien, no doubt the entity responsible for all of this mayhem. Meggie demands that the alien explain itself to her, and it responds to her telepathically. In less than a second, Meggie understands everything. The alien had come to Cleveland expecting to pick up the new Darvocets record. Furious to find that a new record had not been released by the band, it resorted to trickery, calling Paul's bar (the one place it knew those stupid fucks loved) pretending to be him, and made the bartender stay late so that it may kidnap her. Meggie understood in that moment that the only way she could free herself and protect her friends would be to release a record so strange and powerful that it could satisfy the never ending lust of this cruel space beast... but could such a thing be done?







STREET GURGLER - PRIMAL BUSINESS

Where to begin. Musically this record impresses the hell out of me.

It's filled beginning to end with killer psych rock riffs and a really hard driving and fast rhythm section. This band knows how to build and build momentum with lots of unexpected yet seamless transitions in tempo and key. I really don't know much bout music words but you get the idea. The shit is complicated, it is psych rock without being redundant or nostalgic, it's NEW! The sound fx, noise, synth element (or whatever the fuck you wanna call it) of this record gives the sound a lot of depth and weirdness without clashing with the driving punk elements that are going down. In fact it enhances the rawness at times, and is a great backdrop for the slick ass guitar solos in songs like "Food". Oh, and it doesn't hurt that this band has an incredible vocalist. Meggie rips through every song with alien childlike fury, often hilarious lyrics, and ENERGY. I don't know enough about music to relate this band's sound to anybody else. I don't know, like HAWKWIND or whatever, right? Like Hawkwind except fast punk songs and completely different vocals (also punk style). Who cares. All I know is that they don't sound anything like DIRT or any other anarcho punk bands from the 80's, which isn't a bad thing unless you were, for some reason, expecting this to be an anarcho punk record with some oi influence...which it isn't.

-Scotty

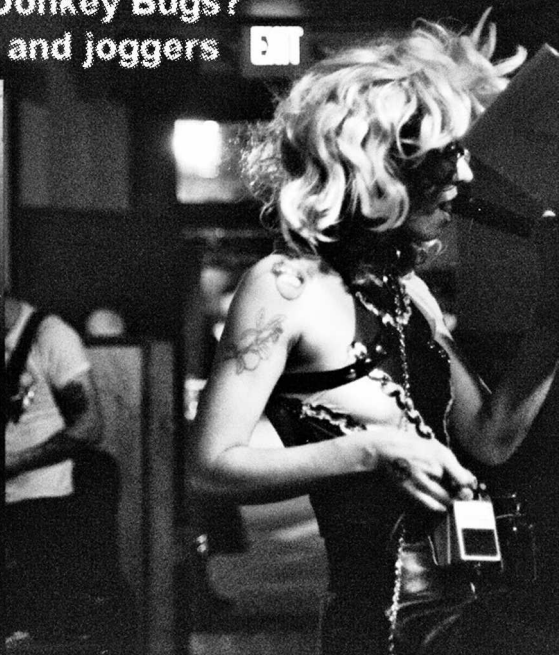


DONKEY BUSS

Photographs by Louis Knight

FUZZ: WHO is Donkey Bugs?

DB : bloggers and joggers



FUZZ: WHAT is Donkey Bugs?

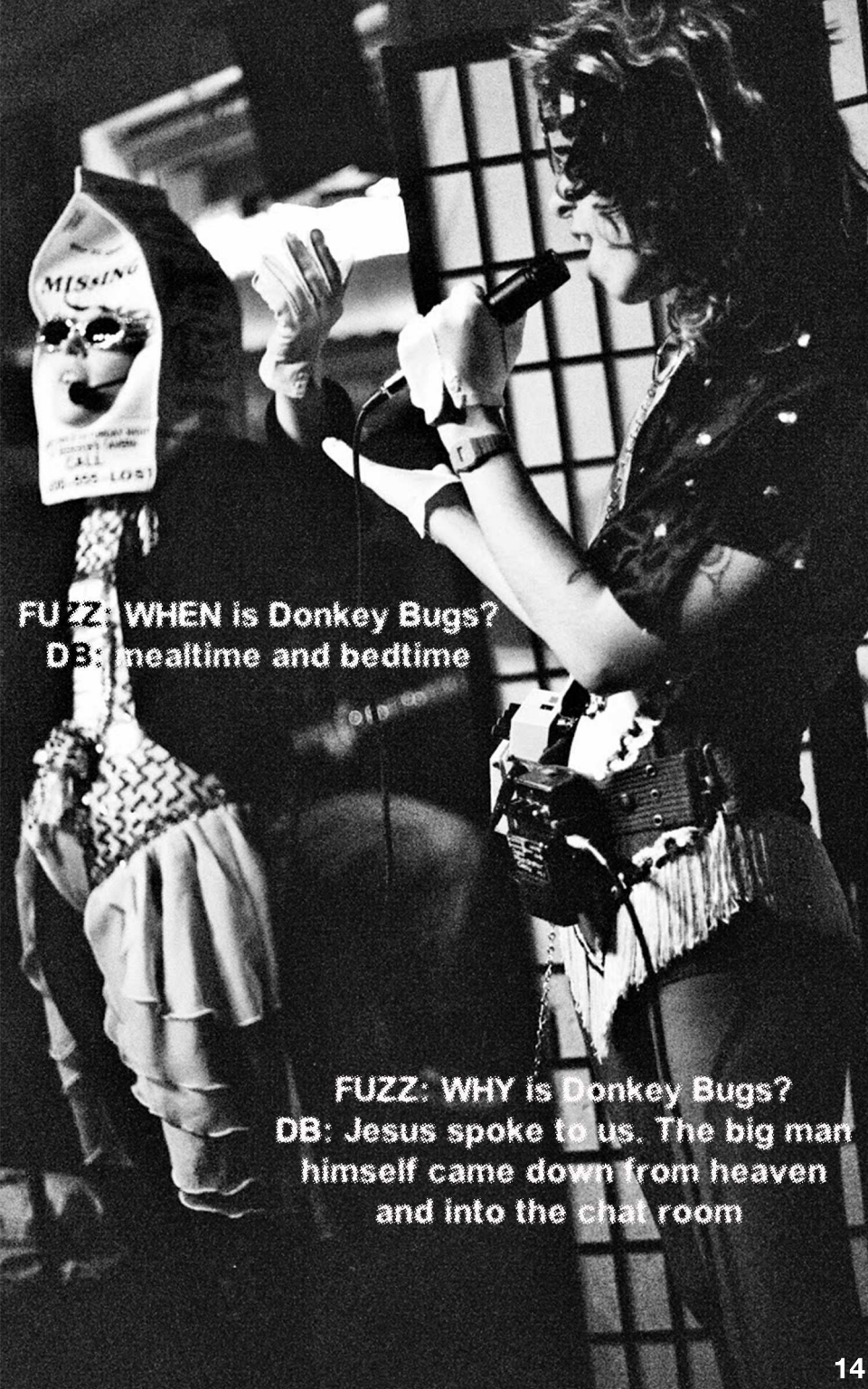
DB: rap music



FUZZ: WHERE is Donkey Bugs?


DB: in the chat room



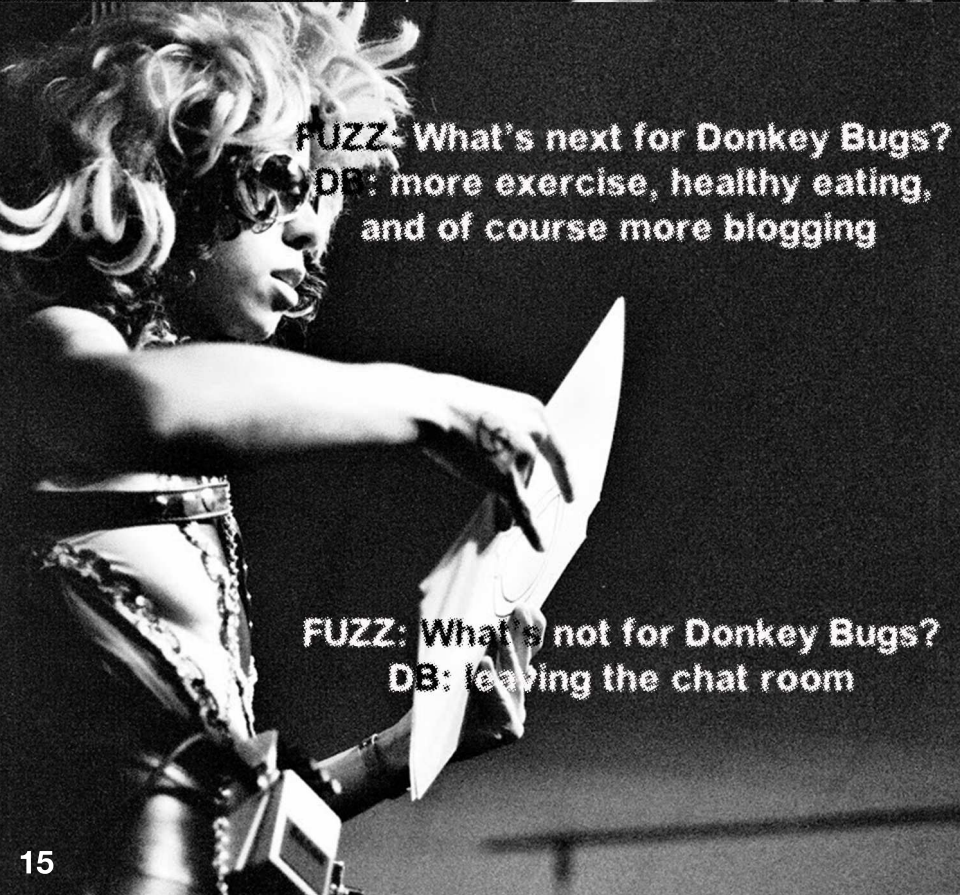


FUZZ: WHEN is Donkey Bugs?
DB: mealtime and bedtime

FUZZ: WHY is Donkey Bugs?
DB: Jesus spoke to us. The big man himself came down from heaven and into the chat room



FUZZ: HOW is Donkey Bugs?
DB: still hungry and still blogging



FUZZ: What's next for Donkey Bugs?
**DB: more exercise, healthy eating,
and of course more blogging**

FUZZ: What's not for Donkey Bugs?
DB: leaving the chat room

Hello kids! Feel good about yourself
and make good choices. Focus on
your special qualities and talents.



It was a lot of work to remove the carpet, and the little fabric worms that frilled from the carpet's surface had been loosed, and now they were dispersed all over the floors of the house, which were now carpetless, exposed to the naked eye and the naked foot. Beneath the carpet was a brown tile streaked with a beige paint-like substance.

The tiles weren't necessarily hideous, they just failed to meet my subconscious expectations that beneath the carpet was beautiful wood. I can confidently say the tiles were unacceptable, and I therefore could not accept them. The only thing I can say with any level of integrity about this newly unveiled de-carpeted layer was that there were brown tiles, streaked with a beige something.

I did that. I made them visible and feelable. The carpet worms were everywhere now. Because of me, those fibrous tendrils were stuck to my bare feet, to my shoes, to my fleece blankets, and to my dogs' paws. It wasn't a tragedy or anything but it was bad that it was happening. The vacuum couldn't pick them up because they were a little too sticky, even when the suction was enhanced by removing the attachments. Using a broom wasn't possible because my broom was frayed and almost entirely ruined, causing the somewhat-sticky carpet squiggles to latch semipermanently to the broom bottom, then fall elsewhere onto the floors once the adhesive wore out.

My only course of action was to hire a flooring company to seal the brown tiles away from my life for 30 years, the lifespan of my preferred laminate plank.

I called Empire Today because I knew their phone number, and they sent a man to my home about a month later. It would have been sooner, but I repeatedly postponed the meeting because the arrival window was so large, and I prefer to sleep in on Mondays, and the meeting had to be on a Monday because I work late on Mondays, which is also the reason I sleep late on Mondays. I set two alarms for the morning of his arrival (which was supposed to be any time between 9am and 12 pm) for 8:15 am and 8:30, just in case he actually arrived toward the beginning of the appointment window. If he came at 12pm, however, I would not be able to meet with him, as the appointment was meant to last an entire hour, and I needed to be at work 30 minutes away by 1 pm, and I usually leave by 12 pm so I can take my time driving and sometimes even stop for coffee, which isn't always necessary, especially when I work late on Mondays because I typically get enough sleep the night before, but I'd need coffee today since I'd have been up since 8:15-8:30 am and therefore not sleeping in as usual. Nevertheless, the 8:30 alarm proved to be a bit too early for my sleeping body, and I hit the snooze button twice before finally waking up at exactly 9:00 am to several missed calls from an unknown number and a short voicemail message, which was from Empire Today to let me know their man was on his way and would arrive exactly at 9:00 am. I jumped to my feet and put on my clothes, then let the dogs outside and latched the secondary gate so that they would not so much as hear the stranger arrive at my house. He wasn't there yet, by the way, as it was exactly 9:00 am and there was no strange car, van, or man in my driveway.

While I waited, I turned on all the lights in my house because the midwinter lighting from the winter was dim. My house, illuminated by so many lamps, looked like shit, and the brown tiles' appeal, if it ever had any, was declining quickly. As I considered this, the man arrived. I stood at the door so I could let him in; there was a box wedged next to the door hinge so the door only opened maybe two-thirds of the way, so I wanted to be there to tell him he'd have to squeeze through. I didn't want him to use the side door because that would alert the dogs to his arrival, but this would become inevitable anyway.

I held the door open for the man and warned him he'd have to squeeze, which turned out to be an embarrassing process for him as he was significantly larger than me and seemed to be used to a full door frame. We shook hands and he groaned. He released a foreboding sigh that initially signaled to me that he did not want to be at my house, which I'm sure he didn't, but I'd soon find out that there was a different reason. Upon finishing his sigh, he asked me, "So what do you want to do?"

I could have answered that question many different ways, but I chose to be honest and stick to the topic to which he was undoubtedly referring: the floors.

"I want to redo the living room, hallways, and two bedrooms with laminate wood flooring."

He sighed again, then pointed to a guitar cable sitting on my shelf.

"You a guitar player?" he asked. This was one of my least favorite questions, next to "Are you a musician?" and "Can I help you find something?"

"Yeah," I said. "Not really anymore."

I always add that last part so people don't actively research me or force me to answer to any of my current activities, such as upcoming shows or recently released albums.

"I miss it," I added, hoping to sound more authentic.

"I play, too," he said, of course. "What kind of music?"

"What?"

"What kind of music do you play?"

"Like punk I guess."

"Cool. I play R&B. I was in the original R&B bands back in the day around Cleveland, met a lot of famous people. Got really burnt out by all the politics. Everyone wants to be famous, hell, I did, too. I met a lot of famous people. But you got to make a living."

"Yeah definitely."

"So what else do you do?" he asked too quickly.

"I'm a librarian," I said.

"Oh so you're up and coming."

"Yeah." I didn't know what he meant by "up and coming" but I was eager to talk laminate.

He continued to chit-chat as he started walking around the house with a Microsoft Surface tablet, taking pictures of my rooms and diagramming the house with his specialized software program. As he walked and talked, his voice became louder and louder and the white-rice smell of gingivitis became stronger and stronger. The dogs had also noticed him at this point. Nova was perched on a patio chair outside the kitchen window, where he had a perfect view of the interior of the house, so he started howling, squealing, whining, and barking. Nova's volume was intolerably loud for 9:05 am on a Monday morning, but my neighborhood and I had to endure until the man left my home. It was wet and

muddy outside, so if I let him inside, he'd be too excited about the stranger for me to wipe his paws, and would then end up tracking mud all through my already muddy house.

"I have dogs too," he told me, opening the door to what I call my junk room. After walking inside with his tablet, he stepped directly on a pile of shredded wood and nails, the remnants of the carpet tack board I'd bludgeoned the week prior. He explained to me that one of the tacks had stuck to his shoe, but not to worry-he's used to it. He plucked it from his sole and let it fall to the brown tile below, but I noticed one of the little carpet worms was stuck to the side of his loafer.

After he took his photos, we walked back to the living room. He plopped onto my recliner and sighed the same sigh as the one he'd greeted me with.

"So here's what we're looking at. You have asbestos tiles, which isn't a problem, except yours are disturbed. You'll have to get those removed before we can do the floors. I'm saying this to be nice. I'm helping you out right now. I don't have to tell you this. But when the guys come here to do your floors, they'll tell you they can't do it without a clean air certificate. So you'll need to call an abatement company, have them test for asbestos even though I know you have it, have them remove the tiles, test the air quality, and then we can do the floors. That's gonna cost you some dough, some serious dough. So I'm going to be nice. I'm going to cut you a deal. You're a nice kid. I have good juju about you, we're both musicians, so I'm going to be nice."

"Awesome, thank you so much."

"So let's see what we got," he said, pulling out an extremely limited sample kit of wood laminate styles. "Which one do you like?"

"I think I want gray," I said.

"Everyone wants gray."

He showed me two more sample sets, each of varying but yet-to-be-revealed price, and I chose the singular gray option each time.

"Everyone picks those," he reminded me.

He retrieved his tablet and began tapping the little numbers on the screen.

"I'm going to tell you how much this'll set you back"

"Okay, thanks."

"The first one comes in at \$15,024.86, that includes labor, supplies, furniture removal, everything. What do you think?"

"How much is the next one?" I asked.

"That one is..." he tapped more numbers on his stupid fucking tablet. "It's gonna be \$10,312.15. How's that?"

"I don't know. How much is that last one?"

"Looks like... \$5,224.86."

"Okay, then that's going to be my only option."

"Sorry, I wasn't trying to sticker-shock you, I just want to be honest about these prices."

"I understand," I said. "It's fine"

"Are you looking to finance this?"

"Yes. That's my only option."

"Okay, no problem, but don't forget about that asbestos abatement and tile removal because that's gonna be a lot of dough. So I'm going to be nice and cut you a deal."

"How much would you guess that abatement would cost?"

"I have no idea, man."

He handed me his tablet and it was my turn to tap. I entered my name, birthdate, social security number, and signature, then handed it back to him. He waved it away.

"Not yet, there's more."

I continued signing my name again and again until the tablet stopped asking.

"Now give me that," he said, grabbing the tablet from my hands. "Wow, you qualified. Nice job. That'll be payments of \$133 per month for 48 months. Just make sure you figure out that abatement before the guys get here to do the laminate. When are you looking to get this done? We could do this tomorrow, if you want."

"Wouldn't I have to get the abatement and tiles removed first?"

"Correct."

"Okay, then let's wait. What's the latest you can do it? Is March too far out?"

"Yes, but I can do February 28th. That's a Friday."

"Oh, I'm off that day."

"Perfect. But it's a two-day job."

"Can I have someone else here the second day?"

"No, you'll have to be here to sign off on it. Plus you'll want to be here to see what it looks like. They'll do a good job but you always want to be sure. And sometimes things will look a little off, or bad, but it's actually good. Like a slant when it should be straight. I mean, your walls might not be straight."

"That makes sense."

"So you're a good kid. You remind me of my son. Kids don't respect anything these days. Kids don't respect police, don't respect anything. You're 27, so you're the tail end of the last good generation. So I want to be nice. I'm going to give you 75% off."

"Really? Off the \$5,000?"

"No, that's after the 75% off, I already gave you that discount. Now, I'm going to give you another one, and my boss is gonna kill me, tell me, 'You closed the sale, why you giving more discounts?' Well, it's like I said, you're a good kid, I

want to be nice. I'm going to be nice and give you this sign here. Hang it in your window, get us some free advertising, and I'll knock off \$500, how's that?"

"Off of the \$5,000, or is the \$5,000 the price after the \$500 sign discount?"

"The sign would bring it down to \$4,747.86."

"That's great, thank you so much."

He handed me an 8.5" by 11" sign that said, "I got new floors from Empire Today!"

"So do I put the sign up now, or after the floors are done?"

"Whatever you want, man."

"All right, thanks."

"My pleasure," he said, folding up his stuff and shoving it carelessly into his armpit.

"Alex."

He held out a big pink hand, fat like an uncooked burger patty, and I shook it with my soft tiny yellow fingers. Two hand jolts later, that man was out the door. Through the living room window, I saw him approach my dogs at the gate. I could hear his loud, muffled voice shouting jubilantly at them. Nova sniffed and licked his patty, then Nebula lunged at it with flashing teeth. He pulled back his hand and walked back to his van.

At the poets door lay a dead fly
They are too busy to clean
the makeup on the mirror stains red
Markup on the image
Ooh so public, no?

Underfoot on the snow is a garden
Lays oh so dormant in leaf
Much to the words of tomorrow
I may read many books

I see letters and the world around me breaths
I'm taken by the photo in a grey mimick of moon light

Marching with the god of mars
My blood becomes the clay that moves it
Master of the weak spotted stone turned bone
A burial will be held at 8 tonight
Don't worry I will be a witness





TOWER 7 - ENTRANCE TO A LIVING ORGANISM

God damn what a tape! Current NYC political hardcore punk on D4MT. Luv the heavy sludgy bass riffs, and the absolute speed! Rippin shredding guitars wavering between high and metallic and low down dirty riffs. Def influenced by your d beat usuals as well. great combo of influences here and very well executed.

d4mtlabsinc.bandcamp.com



HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS - USE ME

NYC kings of pumped up rockin moshin punk are back with another set of bouncy trax on Toxic State. I actually like this band better now that they've veered totally into the rocknroll territory, cuz they're so freakin good at it! This group makes some fine american style rock music and I can't get enough. Throw this on pop a cold one open, dance around a bit it feels so damn good!

hankwoodandthehammerheads.bandcamp.com

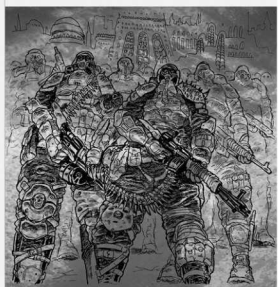
1. Time Crisis Intro
2. Are You Proud?
3. Military Criminals
4. World Crumbles
5. Military Mind Control

Recorded and mastered by Mark Ryan.
Art by Seb Elbourne.

TIME CRISIS THANKS
ROCK N ROLL AND
NOBODY ELSE



TIME CRISIS



DEMO 2020

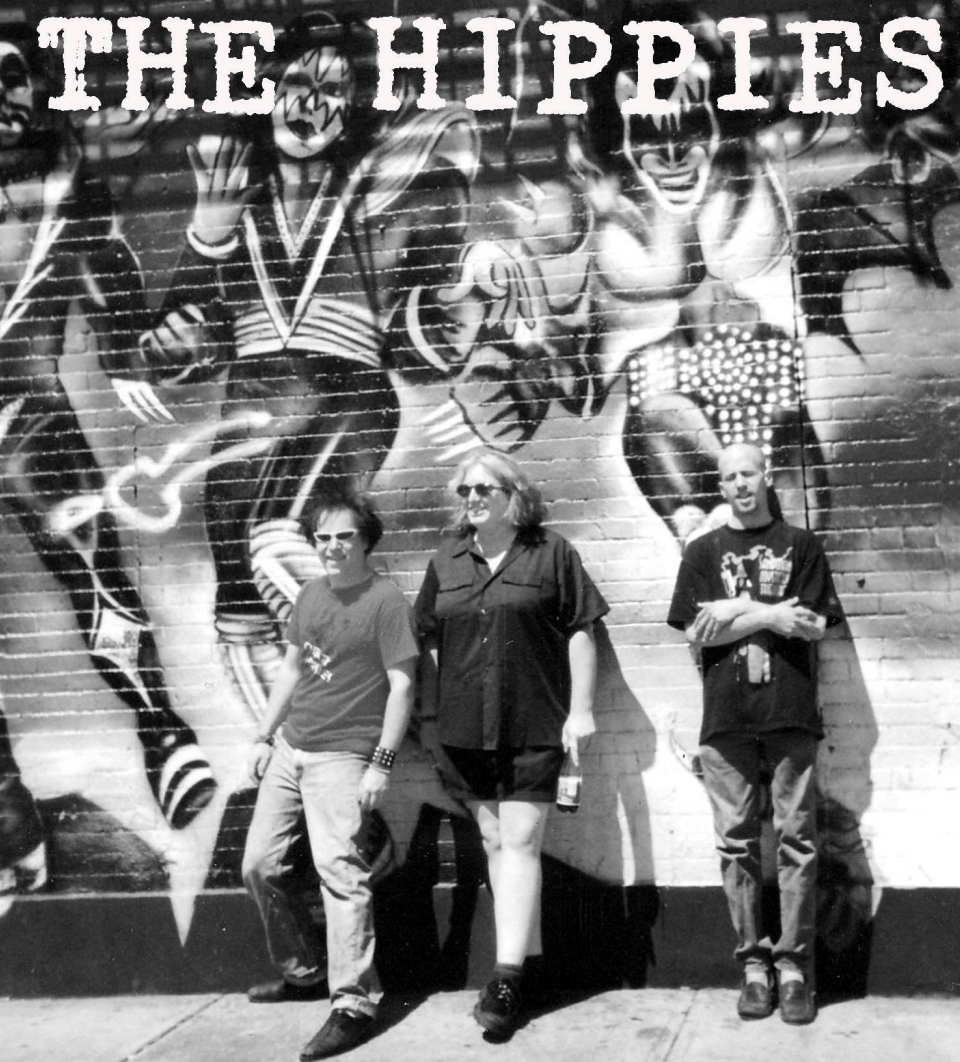
TIME CRISIS - S/T DEMO 2020

Denton, TX heavy fast loud! I love Denton bands, and this new one is no exception. This is the kinda band you get really drunk watching without realizing it and end up bleeding all over the place, but in like a good way. Throw em on a lineup with Public Acid and Lacerate and just go nuts. They thank rock and roll and nobody else so you know its realllll.

timecrisisunderthekniferecords.bandcamp.com

Let's Start A Band Nobody's In:
27 Years with

KILL THE HIPPIES



WORDS: KAT CADE AND KILL THE HIPPIES
PHOTOS AND FLYERS PROVIDED BY
KILL THE HIPPIES

The Players:

Morte Treehorn - vox/guitar

PP Envy - bass

Joey Pepperoni - drums

Drummers (chronologically):

1. Food Fortunata

2. Scotty Desperado

3. Jim Nasium

4. Kenny

5. Tic Toc Tyler

6. The Metrognome

7. The Lion Tamer aka The Four

Eyed Fuckface

8. Bobby Robot

9. Jesse T Bone

10. Tic Toc Tyler

11. Joey Pepperoni

Kill The Hippies have been one of my favorite bands for a few years now, and have been friends of mine for just as long. When we sat down to do this "interview" I honestly had no idea what I was looking for. What I got was a really nice spring afternoon with two good friends who told me stories ranging from hilarious to heartbreaking. The story of Kill the Hippies is that of many punk bands, but their band is different than most. Their band has been active (yes, ACTIVE) for 27 years and they show no signs of slowing down. Theirs is a story of DIY, of punk, of life on and off the road and love through it all. Oh, and recently a whole lot of vegan jerky! -Kat



Morte Treehorn: Let's start now, all the interviews we do they start in the early years and we get so muddled with that.

Kat: Ok. So you guys are obviously still gigging, you're playing shows with Joey Pepperoni who has been your drummer for a while.

PP Envy: Yes, I think he's actually our longest running drummer now.

M: Yep, he's the longest running drummer this band has ever had, he said we're not allowed to get another one.

K: Oh, well that's precious!

M: He's a good boy.

PP: He's gonna get a new guitar and bass player eventually.

K: Are you thinking about putting out any new material? I know you have been writing and are still playing out...

M: Yes.

PP: We do have a good chunk of new songs that haven't even been recorded yet.



morte, not at home



joey pepperoni, at home

M: We're gearing up to do that, I think we're gonna have time pretty soon here to do it and do it right.
K: Like a full length or...
M: I think if we slap together three more songs we'll have a full length
K: Nice!
M: Just gotta find someone to put it out
K: Great. So tell me about your favorite show of, say, the past five years.
M: Well I always love the Halloween cover sets
K: Yeah, you guys have done a lot of really cool sets like Jesus and Mary Chain and Einstürzende Neubauten.
M: That was the side project Meanderthal doing those.
PP: Saccharine Trust was fun.
M: Saccharine Trust was really fun to do- I just always found that band really stand out especially for the time they were around. It almost reminds me of the very early emo but just a little more Black Flag than that, you know?
K: Ya! So has anything noticeably changed over the course of like 30 years just as far as like touring and being a band and just the logistics of that? I'm sure it has.
PP: Well yeah. We haven't been touring because of this lovely house and this job and- actually I just quit my day job so I don't have a lot of an excuse- but yeah that's exciting and bold print!



M: It's been a tough option you know without having a record to really tour on and also just the logistics of having a vehicle together that can make the journey. And it's hard to leave for a week or more and keep anything going, especially running the business. It's really hard because next thing you know we get back and there's orders stacked up.

PP: We were trying to do weekend trips for a while which were fun, like three day weekends. The last one we did was with Swirly (In The Fryer).

M: Yeah

K: Didn't the van break down on that one?

PP: Oh yeah, like immediately! We were doing Cincinnati and then going to that fest in Chattanooga right?

M: I can't remember the name of the fest in Chattanooga

PP: But we broke down on the way to Cincinnati

M: In Cincinnati

PP: So we made it to the show and

M: Then barely got the van with pretty much a broken transaxle to where we were staying. We were staying with lovely people in Slugsalt who run their own showspace called The Nest. We had to stay an extra day and they just kept us entertained, ya know buzzed and fed and it was the sweetest thing. This dude Kentucky Mike came over, he's in his fifties and he's an old biker who got into the local hardcore scene

K: As a youngin' or as an old biker dude?

M: As an old biker dude! He was stuck in traffic and he was like 'well I got stuck in traffic I'll just pull off and get a beer and wait for traffic to chill out.' He went into a bar and he was all excited cuz he thought there was a brawl breaking out and then realized they were dancing! He was like 'everyone just seemed really nice so I've been hanging out and checking out the bands.' He's got the whole thing figured out. He knows how to change a universal joint so he helped us do that and that's not easy work. He just took care of us that day, it was like punk rock magic.

PP: We got to Chattanooga in time to end the show. 32

K: Well that's good! I've only heard that story from Swirly people who actually probably don't remember most of it.

PP: Oh and then we broke down again so we didn't make it to the show on the way back from Chatt, we were supposed to wrap things up in Columbus

M: We couldn't really drive it over 50 so...

K: I guess it's good you were in Kentucky and Ohio, not too far from home.

M: We made it back!

PP: Actually when we were looking through pictures I found a picture of us from another tour when we were abandoning a van that had died. It was going to be used for a jaws of life demonstration. And then a picture of us with the guy we were buying a minivan off of, me and his dog and the van. That was a mid tour car replacement.

K: That sounds like a nightmare

M: We got that van for like \$600 and took it to the west coast twice after that

PP: It was seriously like \$250 or something

M: Was it \$250?

PP: Yeah. He was a really old gospel dude who was really nice. He came and picked us up at the Micro-tel and drove us out to it

M: He was using the van for a home cleaning business and it was just full of caked on soap



PP: It was carpet cleaning stuff so anytime it got wet it would get sudsy

K: Touring trailing bubbles all the way to the west coast...

M: It smelled like cleaning solution the whole time

K: Was that recently also? Or if it was the last big tour it's gotta be a while ago

M: Early 2000's

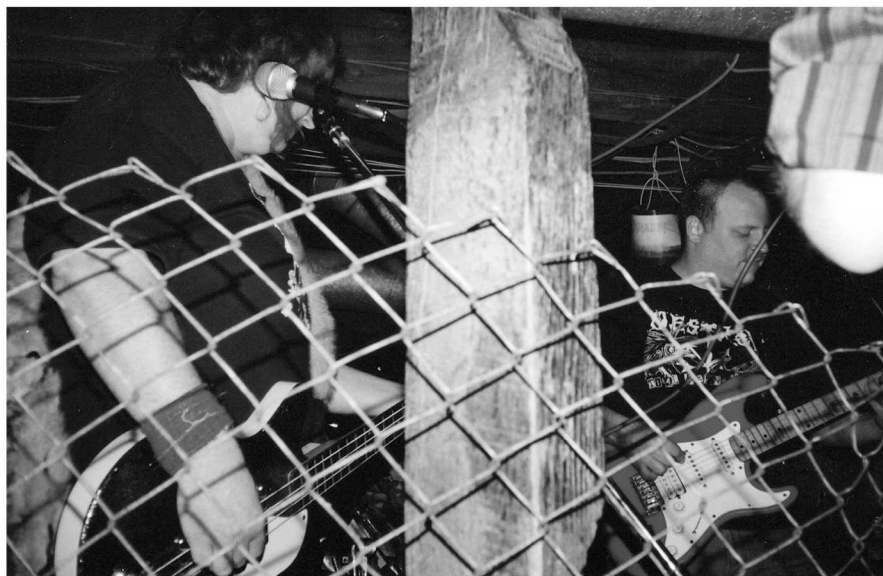
K: Is that the last time y'all went on a big tour?

PP: No

M: Last big tour we did was in 2006

K: Okay, did you do the full US run?

M: Full US



PP: Kind of a big circle, it went really well

M: That was the best! We were touring basically cuz that double CD "Erectospective" just came out. And that actually got reviewed in places cuz the guy who put it out actually knew how to send stuff to things and work with distros. So it was kinda nice going to places and people already had heard us. We hooked up with our friends in Sharkpants, who were a band from Arizona, and we did a good bit of the southwestern portion with them. Those guys were just great and that band was so good.

PP: I think... did we meet them in San Pedro?

M: We met them in San Pedro, yep

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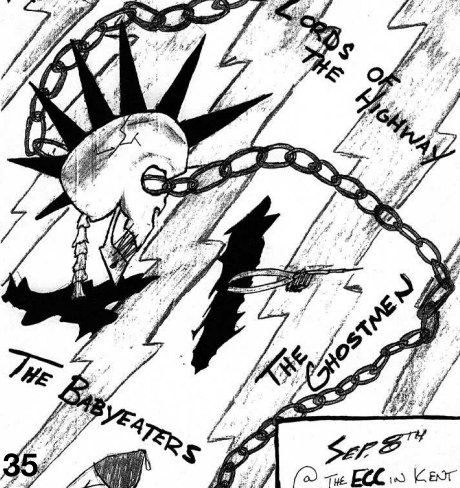
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35

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K: Actually the first time I heard "Erectospective" was one of the times I went to Columbus with Joey to see you guys play. The whole way back we listened to that CD all the way through so you know your drummer is a big fan!

M: Just about everybody who drummed for us kinda hopped on because they liked the band. Maybe it started out as drinking buddies and they kinda clicked and it's like 'well do ya know how to play drums?'

K: How did you meet Pepperoni?

M: I actually got a call from somebody who was trying to find someone to record Swirly In the Fryer - and my phone at the time didn't really sound good cuz I didn't really understand what their name was, I thought they were called Swirly And The Friar and I was like what like a monk? - So I was like yeah I'll record it. I have an old reel to reel that my neighbor gave me and decided I would record them live So I spoke with Danny (Khanin), he called me and we talked over how we were going to do it. I still had no idea what the were gonna sound like and my fear was that they were going to be a really bad pop punk band cuz it seemed like every band I met at the time was like Top 40 Pop Punk. All I know is they came in and set up and immediately just pulled out so much beer and I have one of those um...basement toilets with uh... no walls

K: Oh yeah, just like, a floating toilet!?

PP: Yes.

M: Yeah yeah and I told them like oh you guys are drinking a lot you can just use that right there and first thing that happened I think Johnny went and took a dump immediately. I was like alright I think I'm gonna get along with these guys! And then when they cut the first song I was kind of overwhelmed by how good that band was.

K: That band was great

M: Just doing stuff you wouldn't expect and still sounding garage-y on top of it.

K: mhmhm. So how did he factor into Kill the Hippies?

PP: Our drummer at the time, Tic Toc, he was having some tough times and just needed to step away and deal

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Above: PP's tour
notes

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PP (cont): with some mainly family kinda issues. So we thought 'well, Joey drums amazing'-you know that- so we were just like hey Joey can we borrow you for a minute and then it's just...

K: He's still here

PP: Yeah

K: Did you anticipate him still being around?

PP: Well it was kinda funny. We were just going with it and hadn't really thought about it and done the polite thing and said "Do you wanna keep doing this?" And then Renee [Joey's gf] at a show asked me "So is Joey your drummer now?" I guess he was kinda wondering. And we were like oh yeah...

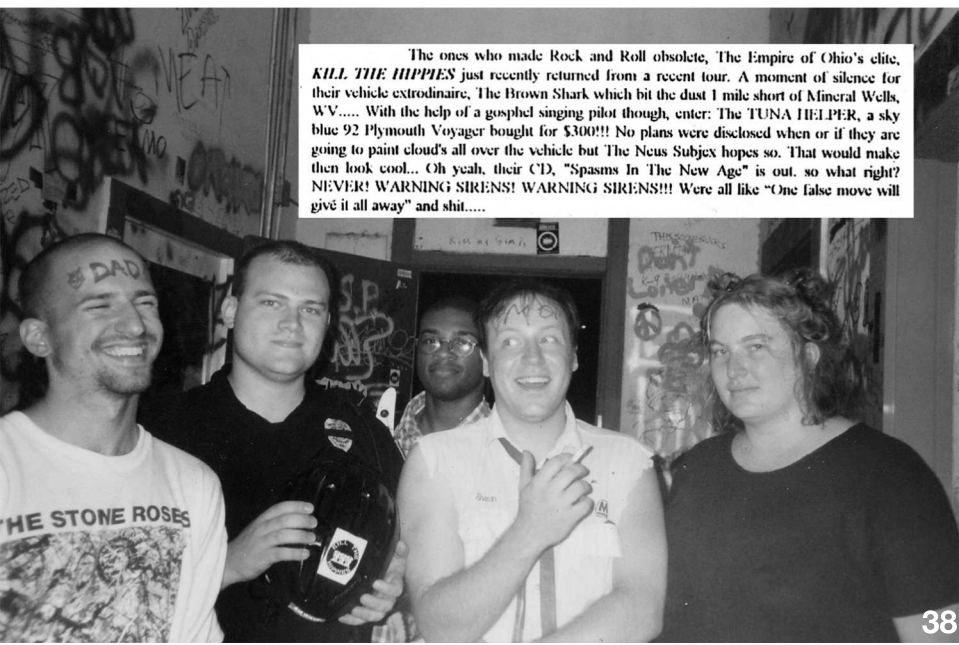
M: It was kinda funny having a third party ask, it's like asking for a date for a friend

K: That's funny! So Tic Toc was the drummer before him and he was with y'all for a while too, right?

M: Yeah, he came back and we wrote like all of "You Will Live With Us Forever" with him. And he was just a really interesting drummer, I don't know how to describe his drumming and his personality.

PP: Well, he knew music a little better than us, so he would always tell us what stupid time signatures

PP (cont): we were trying to do for things
K: He was fleshing out what you were already thinking about
PP: Yeah, yeah. Actually he and I could write a song together like nothing cuz I would just like play something and he would just play something insane. You know how most drummers want a big drum set? He wanted smaller. He would get the small travel drum set that fit in this little stack and we could all load into the car and...
M: We were traveling in a tiny little car and we could put like all our stuff in it and he had the little travel set, so the drums themselves were like not even 6" wide, so it was almost all "like" a big drum set of roto toms but he would just hit them really hard
K: That seems to be a trend with y'all
M: Oh yeah! But it was cool cuz the second time he was in the band-we asked him to fill in when we lost another drummer- and uh, but years before we all lived together and that was when we really I think...
PP: We met him through a mutual friend as well
M: Yeah he actually moved from Pittsburgh. Just came out and we had a playdate and wrote some songs together. Then he moved from Pittsburgh and lived



M (cont): with us for I don't know, like five or seven years or something?

PP: Yeah

K: Was this here or in Kent?

M + PP: In Kent

PP: It's back when he was also doing the juggling thing and riding a unicycle and he played a violin

M: He played violin in a quartet! He's like a genius.

He'll decide he's gonna learn something and he just gets it. He ended up speaking Polish for a while

PP: He'd just teach himself a new language or

M: I used to love - he'd ride his unicycle down to the corner store to buy smokes and he'd come back smoking a cigarette on his unicycle

K: That must have been quite a sight in good ol' Kent, Ohio

M: Oh yeah. We used to have a certain tour we'd do when he was in the band which we carried on with uh.. with the Liontamer aka the Four Eyed Fuckface after him. Which was like we'd just go straight down, uh, what was that route we used to do? We'd dip out to the east coast and then go straight south to Florida

PP: We'd do Asheville and Greenville, NC, sometimes we did Raleigh, lot's of times we'd do Alabama and Pensacola, Jackson MS

M: We got a lot of love from Alabama, actually, like this great band called Nowhere Squares, I think they're still playing, and if we could at times we tried to dip over to Jackson, MS and play a show with a band that was called The Comas, and now they're the Overnight Lows and I believe they're still playing too

K: How long ago was this, then?

PP: This was, it would be what, is the late 90's when we started?

M: That would be the late 90's when (XXX) was drumming because (XXXXX) played after him and he did a lot of the same tour

PP: Yeah...joined in 2000

K: Ok how many drummers have you had, can you even count them?

PP: Oh geez

M: Let's see...and I can't do fill ins for shows

K: Oh no, that would be impossible
PP: Well, Food
M: Yeah the first drummer ever was Food Fortunata from Sockeye. Then after Food it was Scotty Desperado and that was back when we were a four piece. So dry this information is!
K: Well it's all gonna come, we're gonna work on it. I'm gonna work on it
M: Cool, cool. What do you think, who else after Scotty?
PP: Well there's people that just filled in for people
M: We did a whole tape with Jim Nasium
K: JIM NASIUM
M: Yeah, everybody in Kill the Hippies has to have a name
K: Is that how Pepperoni became Pepperoni or was he already?
M: He already was, in Swirly, so he just kept that name. Yeah, Jim Nasium. Who the hell drummed after him? I think... oh no Kenny Halpert! He didn't have a funny name he was just Kenny.
PP: Oh yeah!
M: We had two Kens in the band that was pretty cool
K: This is still when you were a four piece?
PP: Mhmm, and then Tic Toc would come in after that

The John Wilkes Booze Explosion

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I've forgotten what love is for

I yearn

I just

IN THE NAME OF
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KILL the HIPPIES

man/boy rock tarts

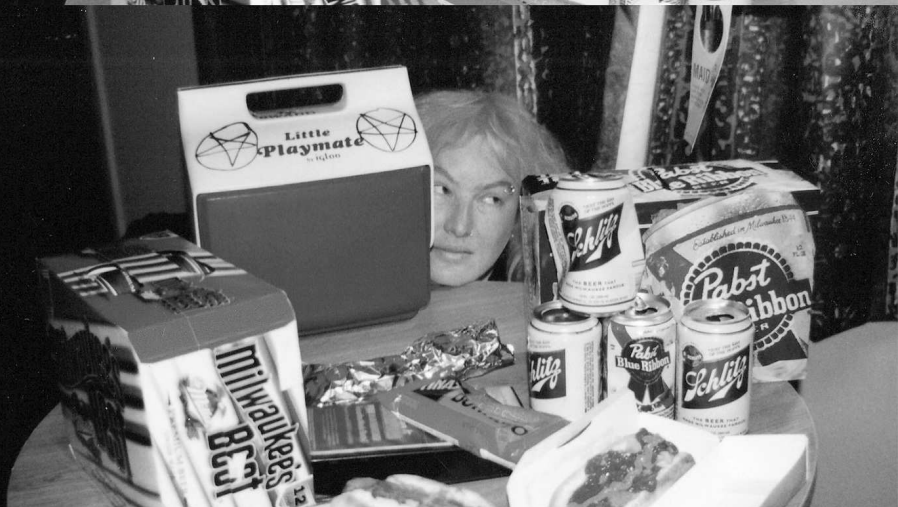
SEXUAL TENSION

hot fudge sundae

"traditions...
sweet as apple pie"

Fuck war,
Let's Rock

→SAT APRIL 20th 9:30 PM 5.00 fuck a cock



PP (cont): and then we went to a three piece
M: And from then on its been a three piece, yea. Cuz Kenny Pick was in the band from the beginning and he had a lot of fun doing guitar harmonies and writing these really cool songs where he sounded like a super hero. If you get to the end of "Erectospective" towards some of the 7" stuff and you hear the guy who sounds like Superman singing that's Ken, who went by Spoony Wadsworth

PP: But then Tic Toc left and then we had (XXXXX) or did we have (XXXX)?

M: Who?! I think, so after Kenny it was Tic Toc and then after him - we might get this wrong- uh I think



it was (XXXXX), who went by The Metrognome.

PP: Yes.

M: This is when we started writing a lot of fast music, cuz he could really

K: Pick it up?

M: Yeah. And then after him was the Lion Tamer aka The Four Eyed Fuckface.

PP: And then *you* went to Cream Cloud for a minute

M: Oh then I was called Cream Cloud

K: Cream Cloud?

M: Yeah cuz when we started off we were kinda dick heads we would throw glass bottles at bands and like

PP: that was more the nature of what happened there..

M: Well, everybody did that, yeah, but I still had a little bit of hardcore in my brain and I became Cream Cloud. And Cream Cloud was gonna learn. Instead of barging through and knocking people down Cream Cloud floats through

K: Ah, like a dance. Like a mosh or a very lovely Waltz. So - have you always been PP Envy?

PP: Yes.

K: Yeah. It's a good one. You wouldn't ever need to change it, it's one of the best punk rock stage names I've ever heard. So we have the Four Eyed Fuckface, who was after him?

M: After him was (XXXX). A lot of these people we met from other bands. I think our band might have been the first one that Four Eyed Fuckface drummed for but I saw him drum a couple times for his brother. He always dogs himself about how he drums but he drummed kinda cool. But yeah (XXXX), who went by Bobby Robot. He was just a friend of ours, I had recorded his band The Strain, they were from Canton. What was the other band he was in that wasn't The Strain?

PP: The surf band or?

M: No, no, around the same time that The Strain was happening. The, he was in it with Buffy? The Goddamnits! So we kinda hit it off and he was an interesting guy, ya know he was just a little hellion to a point where I'd have to be like god damnit dude shut up! There's so many weird personal details that could be really interesting like prison time and shit but I don't really wanna... he might not want me to

K: We can do another one of these where we just talk in depth about all of the drummers

PP: I tried. I wanted all of our drummers here but you know that wasn't going to happen. I did invite Joey but

K: Well if Joey's gonna show up he's gonna show up 7 hours late like Joey does. I remember the first time I went to see y'all down in Columbus with Joey and he was like two hours late picking me up

M: Oh god!

K: I was like 'are you coming?! you have a show to play in Columbus!'

M: That always happens with him cuz he'd be taking



M (cont): half of Willoughby and I swear to god they would probably pregame and then what happens is that like, 'oh I just opened a beer can I finish this? Oh well I'm gonna open a beer too...' and then like 'oh I gotta use the bathroom I've been drinking all this beer' and then...

K: Seven hours later...

M: Seven hours later you're just like "Fucking get in the god damn van I don't give a shit!" Anyhow. Bobby Robot joined cuz we got together just screwing around like hey we're bored you know we're hanging out let's try writing some songs together, and we actually wrote two pretty cool songs! They're on...

PP: "Let's Start a Band"

M: Yeah. We have a CD called "Let's Start A Band Nobody's In" and it was basically stuff we'd recorded with people but never got released

PP: So the Metrognome and Bobby Robot and our next drummer who we haven't mentioned yet

K: So we're at nine

M: Cool, alright, cool. So now we've got (XXXXX) who went by....holy shit what was his nickname?

LONG PAUSE

PP: I have to think of his tattoo now which is..

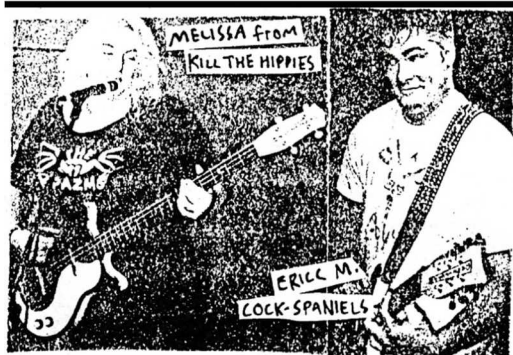
M: Oh god! Beefcake or something like that?

PP: It was something like that, I don't know. We should bust out one of those CD's and look for sure
M: If you don't have it you could go home with one because no one buys CD's anymore. It'll have his name on it, trust me

K: Okay, cool! For now we're just gonna go with 'Beefcake, question mark'

[NOTE: EXAMINATION OF SAID CD REVEALED THIS DRUMMERS NAME TO BE JESSE T BONE]

M: And then after that we did our last big tour with him



This was their Cincinnati debut and they put nerly 3-4s of this pitiful town to shame in less than three chords. It was targeted death. It was a crushed dream returned to haunt. It was a broken bottle, a missing shoe, and eviction notice from a landlord that doesent exist. It was a rusty nail wound from which you decided before it stopped bleeding that you would skip the tetnus but more importantly it was a WARNING. You better not shout, better not cry cause YOU DIED...Kill The Hippies played again and unleashed a shitload of new ones never before heard by our ears and belive us YOU! We fucking listen!). They did as asked and played as requested; "Here Come The Gompers" (1-2-1-2-four-skin... Woah-Oh-Oh-Ohhhhh), a cover of Freestones "Bummer Bitch" and more songs your too stupid to appreciate because if you had any fucking clue about anything closely related to punk-rock you would have seen it. Kill The Hippies ARE better than your hand... any band YOU, the humble and stupid Neus Subjex reader, may challenge with. Instead you sat in Perkins drinking Bottomless coffee and/or sitting on the computer bitching and whining about how NOTHING COOL EVER HAPPENS IN THIS CITY---SCENE UNTTY!!! You didnt deserve this night, you dont deserve the Neus Subjex, we used this night as a "gag" to see if Cincinnati has ANY hope whatsoever- it doesnt have a fucking clue (still). Truth hurts, those wounds will heal much better if you rub table salt on them. The Neus Subjex is NOW Cincinnati's table salt! 02/11/00/SUBS.FO means The Neus Subjex has placed the Cincinnati Punk Scene on 'Academic Probation'. Shape up or eat pipe-bombs you bunch of PUSSYS...



PP: We did like four weeks or something

K: That's a biggun

PP: No breakdowns!

M: No breakdowns. We left with a van and came back with a van, yeah

PP: And everybody had \$250 in their pocket!

K: Wow, so that's a successful tour right there!

PP: Yeah!

M: Yeah that was pretty cool. Not enough to pay rent but at least we weren't starving when we got home. We got back and then he was going through some stuff so he had to go get taken care of- that was probably the most debauchery of any tour I think we ever did

PP: We had a friend of ours help set it up and he drove. He was our recently sober friend so he was kinda trying to light the fire to get people to be as insane as...

M: Oh ya he was baiting us to get wasted

K: Any stories that stand out from that last big tour

M: Let's just see, there's plenty of em. I would say I couldn't believe how good Jesse T Bone, like um, well I've never seen a bottle of Vicodin go down that fast and disappear within three days and I've never met anybody who whatever city they're in can find coke like this motherfucker could. Our drink of choice was uh... we got into Presidente brandy and Coke

K: Coca Cola?

M: Coca Cola, yes! Yeah the caine is too rich for my blood but not for everybody's

PP: Didn't that start somewhere around San Pedro cuz he was drinking with those people across the street?

M: Yeah

PP: They were over there, that's where we played the house show and Mike Watt was passed out in the front yard

M: Yeah that was cool!

K: Did he ever wake up?

M: I just kinda went out and looked at him and someone was like 'hey I don't wanna drop names but Mike Watt's passed out in the yard if you wanna go look at him.' And I was like DUDE!!

K: So was that the early 2000's? That tour you told me about or was this before that one?

PP: This was 2006

M: Lotta good hash going around that tour that's for sure. We all freaked out getting to the Arizona border cuz it's a zero tolerance checkpoint

PP: We were told by the people whose house we were going to stay at to not bring anything in

K: That still happens, that's still a thing!

M: Yeah so we freaking threw a bowl and a bunch of hash out within sight of the fucking thing!

PP: Well cuz we were having trouble convinving people that it really needed to go

M: Convincing a 'certain person'. Then he was pissy with us

PP: and then we didn't even get checked anyway
M: finally it was the three of us screaming at him.
I was like "get the fuck rid of it! throw it out the
fucking window!"
K: On the freeway
M: On the fucking freeway! But we got away with it
K: Well, that's all that matters
M: And I don't know what might have been up that
dude's butt so I was probably smoking it the next day
K: Unknowingly. Alright, so then you came home and
Jesse T Bone had to take care of himself
M: Yeah and we still stay in touch with him. One of
our theme song bands of that tour was Pentagram which
we listened to nonstop, so we saw him at that show
and it was pretty sweet catching up.
K: Oh nice! That's cool
PP: He's much better now
M: Way better now
PP: I mean, he was good before but you know what I
mean. He's doing himself right
K: Good, yeah. Sometimes you just need to get it
outta your system
M: Yep. So who's next?
K: Who IS next?
PP: Did we go back to Tic Toc? Yeah, yeah. It was
weird when we started with Tic Toc- he lived in
Pittsburgh and he moved to Kent and lived with us and
then we stayed in Kent and he moved to Lakewood and
then we moved to Lakewood and he moved to Akron and
then he joined the band again- so yeah
K: Wow! So he joined the band when he was in Akron
PP: For the second time, yes
M: And that really began Kill the Hippies just
playing regional shows and not really touring. Just
trying to find where a cool scene was and hitting it
as much as we can
K: And then we come to Joey!
M: Yep!
K: He's drummer number 11
M: I would say some notable fill ins would be Poopy
from, uh, a million bands!
K: He is actually listed on your discogs page as a
standing member

[illegible]

Five
Sing Along

with us!



FALLOUT SHELTER

[illegible]

KILL THE
HIPPIES
JERKED
OFF
BY
STRANGERS

www.medeaconnection.com :::: www.traktor7.com Kent, Ohio's **KILL THE HIPPIES** have a new 7" out on a label ran by an ex-member. The Member is Bob (ex-drummer) who is one of the creative forces behind **FIGHTIN' FUN COMICS** and now the all-new, all-different **FIGHTIN' FUN COMICS RECORDS** who is releasing the 7". Haven't heard any preliminary sound clips or anything but Morte Treohorn has let it out of the bag that the cover is going to have a huge carbon dick on the cover. Other word, from someone who has actually heard the recorded effort, said that on this record Kill The Hippies do an instrumental art/punk song of sorts calleded "Dildo" that the band didn't really mean to put to much thought into but turned out to be a shining gem of a song; from what I hear anyways. Deals are being inked out to bring about 20 copies of this record to The Neus Subjex as something that we could offer you, the ever adoring reader, a chance to "participate" so look for this around January to make done... Bob had originally wanted to do this record after going to several Comic Book Conventions showcasing his Comic and taking a few arm-fulls of Kill The Hippies merchandise along for the ride. Well, the KTH merch went just as fast as his comics so he just put one and alone together and decided to do a 7" by his ex-band! Hopefully this is just the start... its almost finished, the

KILL THE HIPPIE

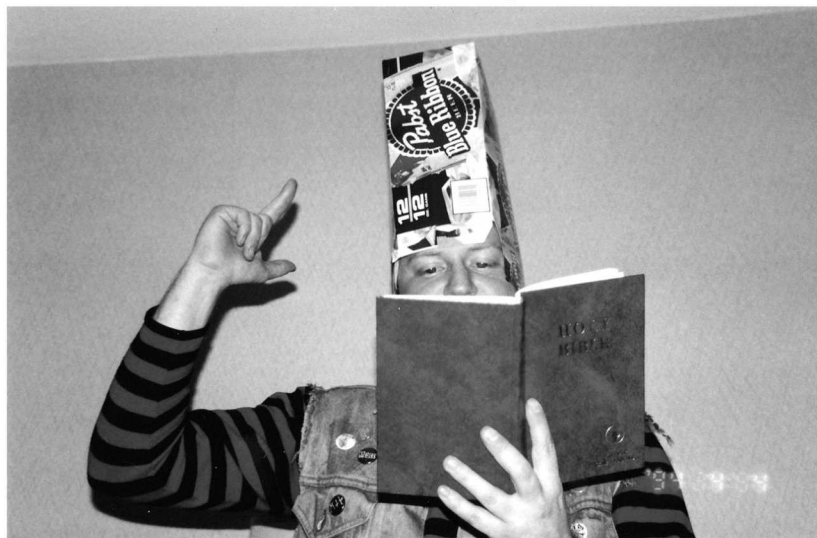


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M: He's filled in for us a million times and recorded us a bunch of times

PP: And we've done like whatever random project with him

M: We were in the Jeff Goldblum band with him. And let me see, I would say put Warren in there, who was staying with us, because he came and saved our asses when Bobby Robot - when we had the release show for "Erectospective" we tried to get as many of our drummers together to drum on that and we were gonna finish it off with the new songs we were writing with him. He ended up getting a hernia and was basically like "There's no way I can drum." So our friend Warren- who was living in Minneapolis at the time-



was passing through to go help his sister move and stayed with us for a few days, learned the songs, played the set. I mean he learned close to 15 songs in a day and nailed em! So that's always a very special place for doing that. Bobby Robot was just on stage with a cane high fiving people while he played

K: So you did the stage show fill in thing before Perverts Again ever even thought about it!

M: hehehehehehehe

PP: Then Clement filled in

M: Oh yeah Matt Clement saved our asses a little bit too, he did a few shows with us

K: And you're in another band with him as well

M: Yeah

PP: And Matt filled in aside from drums he filled in on bass

M: Oh yeah Matt Lindsay, Poopy, has played bass

PP: When I had surgery he played a few shows

M: That was really fun cuz you just got to stand there and sing

PP: It was weird!

K: Yeah standing there singing while someone else plays your bass parts sounds kinda weird! Wow that's a lot of drummers. That's a whole notebook page of drummers, y'all!

M: Ya know it makes sense though. PP and I are pretty much a unit so anybody else is a good friend who's playing drums. Everyone's got their own lives going on so if someone sticks with your band for five years it's pretty cool ya know? We've been doing this thing for over 25 years, I think.

PP: '93

M: We started in '93

K: That's the year Carter (my bf) was born, 1993

M: WOAHH. That's freaking nuts!

K: So let's rewind a little bit. I've seen some references as to where your name comes from, and I think most people automatically go to the Deadbeats song



M: The name really does come from that Deadbeats song and the funny thing is I didn't even hear that song until years into having the band cuz I've never been a rabid record collector or anything. I just knew the song existed because when I was in high school an older kid cut something out of SPIN magazine that had punk lyrics and was like 'hey i've cut this out for you, you'll probably like this.' it was all these bands I hadn't heard of like the Deadbeats and The Germs and stuff and I was like 'well these are all bands i'm gonna have to find out about someday.'

K: Something stuck with you

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M: Yeah and back then it was the late 80's, you'd go to a record store, and maybe these record stores had stuff in there in '84, but in '89 I'd be like "Do you have any Germs records?" and it was like FUCK NO, ya know? So I was like "Ok... do you have any Abrasive Wheels?" and he was like 'NO!' "Where's the GBH section?!" ya know! Now it just seems like a lot of the music is more accessible

K: Yeah, definitely

M: But neither of us grew up in a very urban area so most of the stores, you know... For some reason you could get Minor Threat at the K-Mart though

K: Are you two both from Ohio?

PP: Yeah, Columbiana county, so southeast of Youngstown

K: And you went to college in Kent, I assume?

PP + M : Yeah

K: Is that where you met?

PP: No we had a mutual friend also in Columbiana county, Spoony Wadsworth. He wasn't Spoony then, but

M: Yeah Spoony and I were like best friends, still are. We would just hang out and listen to music, basically one day he just said 'hey there's a girl I know who's having a party, her parents are outta town so let's go hang out there' and then we met!

K: So I guess that leads into a lot of things. So was it band to relationship?

PP: Relationship...

M: Second date

K: Second date?

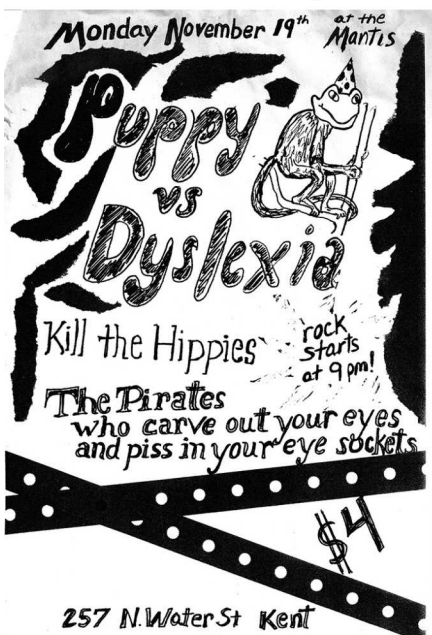
M: Well, second date, third time we got back together!

K: Fair enough

PP: Noncommittal

K: Youth, yeah, it's a thing

M: I think I just wanted to play music with people that wasn't really like the band I was in. A lot of



M (cont): the bands I went to go see it seemed like everybody was really into going as hard as they can and sometimes as mathy as they could and I realized my favorite stuff was like Eater and things like that. I was like well, I'm gonna write some two chord songs and just write dumb anti government lyrics or anti society lyrics that rhyme I guess

K: Well that, I mean that's a running current in your music. The lyrics are very sarcastic and funny and silly but also serious at the same time

M: That's the idea

K: Silly and serious, a very northeast Ohio/Kent thing

PP: Very much so, yeah

M: I think Cruelster is nailing that

PP: There's nothing else like it

K: The sense of humor in northeast Ohio is different than anywhere else which is why I like it so much up here, probably why y'all stuck around too

M: Yeah, definitely! We found the more we started playing in Cleveland that it just seemed like we fit in pretty good and it just made sense. I'd never lived in an actual city before, Kent's a small town with a college in it, ya know? I love the place but up here it was great. Class had just opened, there were tons of places to play, always people to hang out with

K: So that would put you two moving here in the mid 2000's?

PP: It was like 2008. But I have to mention the first time we played Horrible Fest. Tic Toc was our drummer then and he came down with a horrible flu or something, he was dying pretty much, so we went to Horrible Fest and found a drummer to play. I don't even remember who

K: You just found a drummer?!

M: Yeah. We were just like 'we'll probably get some free beers there's a bunch of bands, we can get in free, I don't know if we'll be able to play, maybe they'll be pissed, but we'll have fun!' I think The Jeffs were playing that year and we just bugged the drummer like 'come on, man, let's go up and play 4 songs you can play 4/4 we'll play all songs with the

M (cont): same beat.' So we did that and it was weird cuz we felt like we were just fucking around but the next time...

PP: It was months later when we went back to play- we had left without even inquiring about getting paid or anything, we were like whatever- but Paul had an envelope with money for us that he had saved

M: Yeah that doesn't happen!

PP: I was like I don't know if we deserve this but, yeah!

M: Did get paid, so we'll be back!!

K: And you have played there incalculable amounts of times since

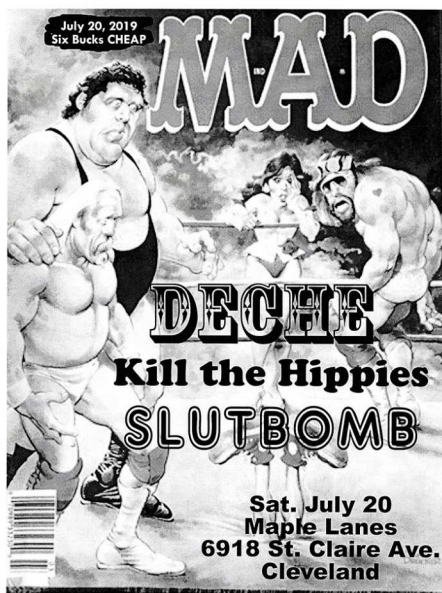
M: Yeah, yeah. It's kind of become like, like it was The Mantis in Kent we were there every god damn week

PP: Sometimes several times a week. That was when we were setting up shows there and putting people up

M: Basically a band would come stay and play on a Tuesday night like 'well I guess there's this room we can go play to each other in and then I'll make you chili and you have a couch to stay on, I'll see you in a few months and we'll do the same!'

K: I wanna swing back around to the name again, cuz it just popped into my head when you mentioned Kent, I read somewhere in a review that it's a not so hidden reference to the killings at Kent State. Is that something you were thinking about?





M: Yeah. I pictured it being on a flyer and pissing people off. Although at the same time I went to Kent because I was very interested in that history. I'd always try and make it to the memorials. I've got a little more of a soft spot and an understanding of how people view things and the nuances of things but at the time I thought society was really complacent. And even if people had an idea towards social justice based on that I thought everyone was being kinda lame about it. Now I understand that it takes a lot of organizing to take the streets and I didn't really have it then, either

K: Can't do it all by yourself. I had just wanted to ask that directly because I thought it was an important correlation

M: Definitely! Definitely. When we lived in Kent and a band stayed with us and they would do a tour I'd always take em to that bullet hole that's still in the sculpture outside of the Engineering department. It's a.. they were shooting pretty big rounds

PP: We always took people on tours of plaques and rocks

M: In fact there was a band called The Spasms that were from North Carolina that we'd always trade shows with and they wrote a song called 'Kill the Hippies' based on our conversations about May 4th. Which was

M (cont): very anti - gotta find the right word - anti National Guard?

K: Anti militarized college campuses?

M: Yeah

K: Kent is one of those places that a lot of people only know about because of Devo and May 4th

M: I'd like to keep it that way, they got a great co-op too!

PP: Sometimes out west- Iowa, is that where you're from?

K: Kansas

M: You gotta convince them that Ohio even exists

K: I understand that feeling, being from Oz..

M: Oh that's true, that's true!

K: So I want to talk just a little bit about lyrical content because there are a couple of things- sex and politics- that come up quite a bit in the lyrics. You've mentioned that you like to make light of things people find taboo, and sex and politics are two heavy hitters!

M: I mean a lot of comedians.... i think you write a lot of the sexual references in our stuff, you use that as a metaphor a lot.

PP: I guess I do, I don't really think about it

K: It just kinda comes out

PP: Yeah, usually

K: There's not a lot of other bands around here with the exception of Cotton Ponys that really dwell on sexuality. I think in punk in general there are certain bands that make sex a thing and everybody else just doesn't touch it, ya know? But it's nice when it's done in a funny, upbeat way and not in a sad sack weepy man kind of way

PP: yeah yeah

M: I guess my lyrics kinda touch on that too ya know. Sometimes it's a simple metaphor like "Jerked Off By Strangers", about being alone and lonely and allowing yourself to stay that way. Just disconnection with daily life and masturbation is often used as a metaphor for that too, like I don't need to interact with anything else, I'm a self contained unit and I'm slowly destroying myself.

K: Destroying yourself with masturbation



M: Yes, going blind! Actually no it's "Jerked Off BY Strangers," that's not really the point of that song. Uh I guess it's allowing other... just the opposite of every thing I just said. Allowing other people to manipulate your own stimuli

K: I mean the song "Dildo" is pretty solid in my mind as an example having seen you perform it many times. Just the audience participation that you call for explicitly by screaming "DILDO DILDO DILDO DILDO" in a country where people are very uptight about sex, it's a lot

M: Yeah! Really that whole chorus is more Dadaist, I'm not even really singing about anything there. I just always thought the word was great

PP: Yeah really it was just a word to say

M: It doesn't have anything to do with the verse, PP wrote her own verse for it. I think the whole song itself...I had a dream that I was in some band-it was like one of those arty bands where they have megaphones- and I woke up and I could kinda remember the bassline and the guitars were just gonna be like cckckhckk. Just static. I remember a point (in the song) where we were gonna be screaming something and I was at a Devo tribute thing and there was a band playing and people were just going up on stage and grabbing mics so I went up and started going DILDO DILDO DILDO DILDO and people seemed to like it. I was like I'm gonna use this. I mean when you say it like that it just becomes one very long word

K: Have you ever gotten a negative reaction when you played that song?

M: No, most negative reactions are usually when we get bumped onto some kind of community event. Like our friend's band, it was Scott's band, what were they called?

PP: Oh are you talking about the downtown thing? Ya somehow we got involved in playing the Lakewood Alive thing. They had bands set up to play on Belle and Detroit right next to the hospital- my sister was actually in there ready to give birth- and they told us to turn down. It was a whole fiasco

M: I think we changed all the f-bombs to like fudge or funk, ya know, like we'll do that! And they kept telling us to turn down and turn down. I don't think we quite got to "Dildo" in that set

K: I can imagine just with your band name that those kinds of events would be difficult to begin with

M: It's funny cuz usually you're gonna get some kind of guarantee, cuz they are usually bankrolling, but it's always weird. Like do you really want us here? Who thought this was a good idea?! We were filling in for Scott's band, though. And then they paid us less because we weren't the band! So we got in a big ol yelling match with Lakewood Alive

PP: And then we went down the street and played, weren't we playing Class that night?

M: Oh yeah we played Class later on that night. What the hell was the name of their band? They used to sing that "we gotta power outage", I'll come back to ya on that one. We used to play with them a lot too, I can't remember right now.

K: So the band is essentially you two and a nice long list of people who like y'all and like playing with you. What keep's you... I mean making music is just a part of your soul that comes out...

PP: Pretty much that's it

K: You've been making music together for a really long time

PP: I didn't even know how to play when he was like let's start this band so..

K: Pick up a bass cuz why not. You're really good at bass so that's kind of suprising

PP: Took a bit, yeah

M: It's one of those things where we were bored and we were hanging out and I was like oh you try playin this and we were playing two notes for a bit, and then it became three notes, and then it was 'well if you took that bass home...' and then the next time we hung out you had already written a song. I was 58



M (cont): like 'that's pretty cool' so it just went from there. Let's get a drummer! It does feel good. Sometimes it's weird, like you work full time and besides that we're working evenings trying to get this vegan jerky thing going and then just trying to find some chill time. Sometimes there will be shows and I'll just be like 'I don't wanna fucking do this I can't believe you said yes to this' and then we'll go do it and I'll feel so much better after doing it! It forces me to go out and interact with people and it forces me to try something new creatively that I hadn't done before. And it's funny to say that about a music as derivative as punk rock but that's what I know how to do

K: And it was new to you at one point, that's all that matters. If it feels good, it feels good.

M: Yeah, and I still see bands that I just love to see

K: When did you start recording other bands? Is that solely a you (Morte) project or do you two work on that label together?

PP: He mainly does all the recording. But way back when we first started the band we just had like a 4 track

K: So y'all did all your own recording?

M: It started that way

PP: I don't know I was kinda messing around with it and recorded some of my own stuff and I recorded that song for Mike D that he never used

M: That's my faaaaaavorite recording of that band, too When we were younger we always lived with a lot of people so the 4 track was pretty much community. Like if I'm at work and you wanna record something feel free, here's the mic, do it. That was the whole culture at the time. We were really close with Sockeye and Food and Poopy and that was our pasttime! We'd get together and get blitzed and make up a band or make up a whole tape of songs. Dave was really good about getting a - it was called Bible Doctrine Cassettes - and basically you sent them something saying 'I would like to spread your gospel' and for free once a month they would send you a dozen cassettes of sermons you could tape over with foul,

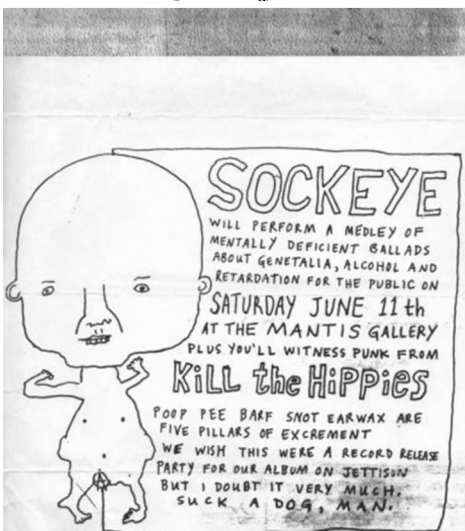
M(cont): disgusting music! And sometimes between songs you'd already have your sound clips! Like "And the Devil spoke to...bu bum buuuuum" right? I gotta see if I can find it, there's one I never taped over called "Common Use Brainwashing Techniques" and it's a whole sermon about North Korean soldiers being brainwashed and I was like 'I can't tape over this I gotta get high and listen to this a few times.'

K: Did you?

M: Oh yeah!

K: Are you indoctrinated? Are you a communist?

M: I wouldn't even know. Shit we used to record stuff and then just put it backwards and slow it down on



the 4 track and get freakin' high as hell and just be like THIS IS SO FUCKIN PROFOUNDLY GOOD

K: Everything is profoundly good when you're high

M: Fuck yeah! Especially when you're not used to it

K: Yeah. And then everything is profoundly terrible

M: Everyone else is a communist and they're gonna eat me!!! That's what they're talking about!!! But yeah so everyone would get together and do that crap, it was nonstop. Before Kill The Hippies I was in a band and we were recording our own demos just out of necessity. No one had money to rent out a studio, especially while we were learning how to play or even how to interact with each other and figure out what



M(cont): you wanna do and what you actually wanna have fun with, ya know?

PP: And Matt Lindsay did the first 7". Do you remember doing vocals at his house at a party? His was a house that I had once lived in, which was also weird

M: We would have like parties based on recording a 7" there must have been about half a dozen, maybe 8 people in that attic. Everyone was just drinking and being quiet while PP recorded her vocals

PP: It was funny cuz I was kinda nervous about it- it was the first time I had recorded vocals for something- and they were like 'that was really neat, you should do a second track' and I was like Oh shit Okay. And then I had to do it again.

M: Just over the last weekend a band called Rabid Reason came in and recorded their demo. It's always fun it's like a certain camaraderie. It's nice to work with people towards a certain goal, just the teamwork of it feels great and the general horsing around. Ya get your own little inside jokes for the thing and it's just a good time. Some notable ones I've recorded in the past- obviously I love recording my friends' bands- include the Real Regular one, that session was very fun to do.

PP: Oh yeah that sounded really good!

M: As was the Burger Boys. Pretty much camped at our place for two days and that was ridiculous, it was 62

M(cont): very fun though

K: Yeah Bubs is fun to spend time with

M: Yeah! You'll be laughing, you'll be scratching your head, you'll be genuinely terrified, and then you'll be laughing again. Especially when people are just writing stuff and going through that process, working with them on it feels great....Damn the hangover! Cleveland gets dogged on a lot- and a lot of the time for very good reason- but it couldn't have been more welcoming when we moved here. Our neighbors let us practice. I mean we can't go as nuts as...we were just hellions in Kent. We would throw trash and we made a slingshot and we would take the recycling bin and just launch it into the street or directly at the house

PP: Or over the house

K: Over the house?!

M: Yeah it was all like surgical tube

K: Oh, okay, I was gonna say that's gotta be a big slingshot!

M: We had a big slingshot and if we ran out of shit to shoot off of it Warren would run over to our neighbors like "can I borrow your broom?" Like we had to clean some shit up. The next day they were hanging out- they were having a fire- and just saw the broom go sailing across their heads!

K: That just sounds like being out in the boonies

M: About the same time that Jackass was popular so people were just doing all kinds of stupid shit

K: I remember that, lots of stolen shopping carts in my childhood

M: Yeah shopping carts! These kids had a skateboard with no trucks on it and they would just find new things to jump off of. Just the dumbest shit

PP: Jumping off the roof onto a couch, missing the couch...

M: That was when we were still booking shows and doing things but it was a bit of a dead zone for the band. I just when deep into drinking beer

PP: We had shows in the basement of the house next door

M: Yeah the Rat's Tooth, this tiny basement you could barely fit 15 people in, it was tiny and dirty.

PP: Wet

M: Oh yeah there was like a river going through it, it was dumb, dumb times. I couldn't consider it proper drinking unless I cleared a 12 pack by that point. Next thing you know I was broke and didn't have a job and had to dig myself outta that one

K: I take it that changed when you moved to Lakewood?

M: Yeah shortly after we got back from tour I had to get a job, I don't know if you wanna go into your back problems...I guess it's a bit of a sob story. PP could barely walk when we got back from that tour and one of us had to get health care. I found out about an opening up here that a friend was sure I



could get and I actually got it. So then I started becoming a 9 to 5er and it wasn't as bad as I thought it was gonna be

K: Change, but you could still slingshot brooms if you wanted to, just at 5:30. Growing up. So what's next?

M: I wanna record another LP with Joey once things calm down and our only job is making vegan jerky. It's hard to plan something months ahead, you don't know what's gonna happen, ya know? It's fun, it's not a bummer, it's a privilege to be able to do this but if the stars align I wouldn't mind maybe doing one of those four day weekends, getting out of the state a

M(cont): little bit would be really good

K: You miss that?

M: I do, I do. We still go camping and stuff but the planning for camping is a lot different than a tour!

PP: It's hard now because we're still setting up the space, he's still working his day job and I'm trying to handle all the other loose ends and do what I can with the new space. We don't really know what it's going to be like when it's actually up and running and then when eventually he can get out of the day job. There's just a lot of things that we don't know yet.

M: We've learned how to organize things and compartmentalize stuff and deal with depression in maybe a more - I don't know about organized - and I wouldn't say creative because we were more creative I think when we were younger

K: Productive maybe?

M: Yeah, a productive way. But because of that we're busy all the fucking time!

PP: I feel like we miss a lot more stuff now. We're trying to get to shows as much as possible but we don't always get there because sometimes we're just doing the thing. You make stuff and then it's gone in a week and then you're back starting over and... yeah

M: It's funny it's the one thing that worked out. In the back of my head I always thought - and that's probably my biggest mistake with the band - somebody was gonna swoop down, put us on their label, and we'd go do a tour and get...

K: big

M: Yeah yeah or maybe like, Lagwagon famous

PP: We used to go a lot

M: Well, yeah. We ended up doing it ourselves. Which ya know...I'm not quite sure what my point was with that

PP: Ha!

K: But Pleather has been really successful and that's awesome!

M: It just kinda took off, it's really gratifying the way people like it and come back for it. It's cool. Once again no one's swooping in to say "I'm taking over your business, here's a million dollars,"



M(cont): that's not gonna happen

PP: Just trying to talk us out of our recipe, stuff like that

M: Yeah- "Let us know what the recipe is"

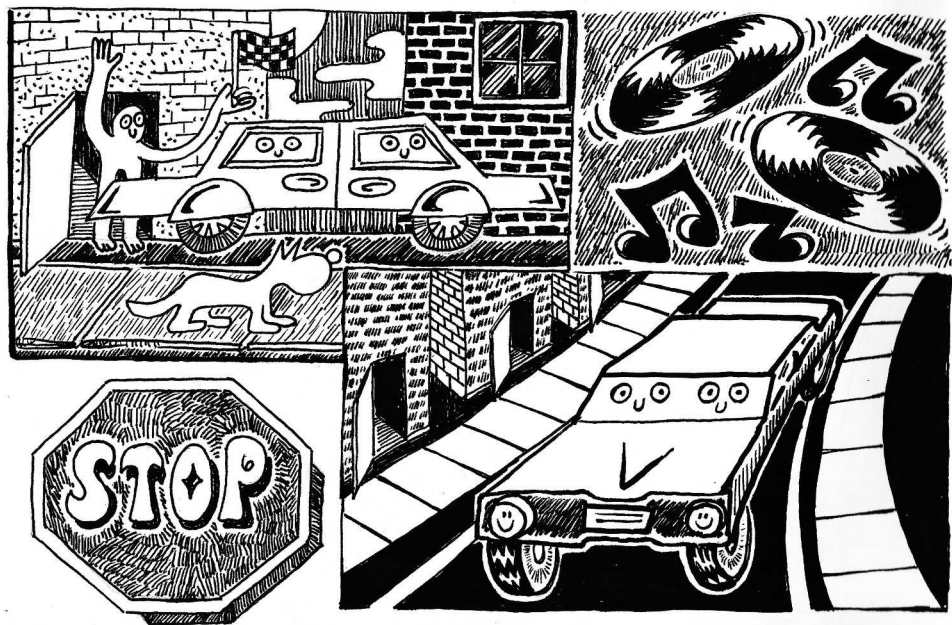
K: You can't have it!!

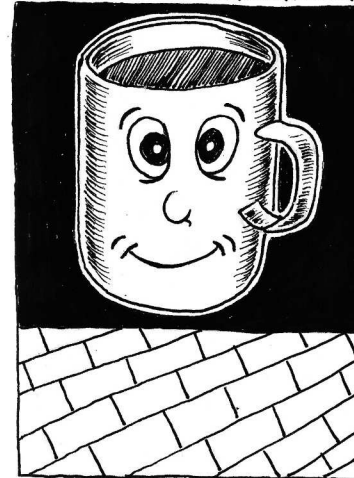
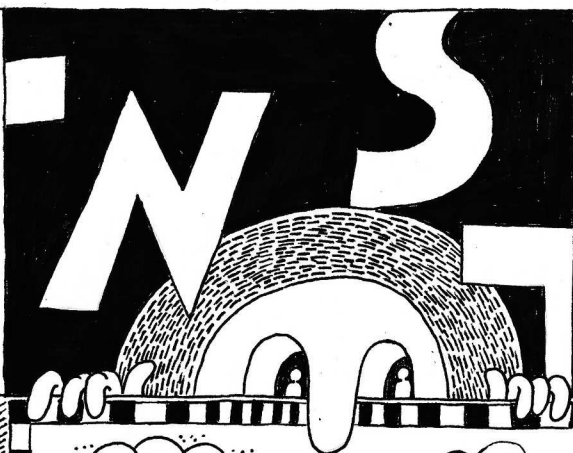
M+PP: Nope!

K: Still doing it yourself

PP: It's kinda funny cuz we never thought we'd do- at least I never thought I'd be doing the vegan jerky thing and I don't know even if the band was something I planned on, necessarily. I don't know, I decided I was gonna go to California and I just kinda packed all my stuff up and went but my car broke down and I ended up hitchhiking and ended up on the Dead tour cuz it was starting where I was and it was a convenient thing. Then I get back and he was like 'do you wanna start a band' and I was like 'okay'. So lots of things that were never planned to happen that happened.

M: I remember the first time hanging out when you got back you told me all the stuff you did and I was just entranced. I had never met anybody who'd done any of that shit! Like oogling before oogles even existed. Oogle is probably the wrong word. Actually the Metrognome, when he left the band he had gotten to a point and was at the end of his rope with it. Like, "Morte, I'm really sorry. I love playing music with ya and PP but I'm either hopping on a train or I'm gonna hop in front of one." So he hopped on a train and had some big ol' adventures.





DISSOCIATIONS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE

BY
SCOTTY



Who would win in a fight, Mcgruff the crime dog or Tony the Tiger? Let me tell you some something you little fucking twerp, you dumb piece of shit, you young little fuck, you young buck, yeah I'm talking to you, you'd have to be one dumb fucking piece of shit some fucking nasty pussy licking thumb fucking dumb piece of shit to think that Tony is gonna get one fucking lick on Mcgruff, because Mcgruff ain't no good cop bad cop wannabee charade game playing bitch, my friend, he is one crooked mother fucker, I mean that is one crooked fucking cop right there. He's a dog yeah, and maybe you're thinking Tony's in pretty good shape and he's a vicious ass feline, like maybe you're on some king of the jungle type shit, athletic build and a positive attitude. FUCK YOU! You think any of that means shit? You think Mcgruff ain't gonna pull a .45 out his coat and light this orange bitch the fuck up? Fuckin' Tony the fuckin' tiger, fuckin Chester cheatos wannabe ass inferiority complex overcompensating ass bitch. At least [chester](#) has them sunglasses so we know he's cool, and he's got the dust. What does Tony have? TONY DOESN'T HAVE SHIT. flavor crystals on some raisin bran looking shit but there ain't even any raisin's in this jawn, just some nasty ass flavor crystals get your ass beat cleveland style cus Mcgruff is coming for that ass, you fucking sub human mouth breathing piece of shit mother fucker!

I've found that in situations such as this one, it's best to just walk away. Maybe there really is something in the water. That's a joke. It's a joke because of the pitchfork thing but also because there is in fact definitely something in the water. Either way the last 72 hours have felt more or less like a fever dream, and if less is more than more then less of my day has been spent riding the endless wave of post nihilistic stress, which is to say I'm mostly in the zone of sleeping or pretending I'm asleep until it's late enough to just walk over to the bar and grab a beer because it really isn't worth the risk of drinking this water. I'm so used to being punished by dudes like this that it doesn't even phase me anymore. These people are barely alive. I'm barely alive. I pull the lever but nobody brings me shit. I pull the lever again but I think I know deep down that the lever stops until it's done processing the first pull, even if the first pull is a bunk. The lever's a button, and I realise I can just cross the street because there's no cars until there is, and I'm doing that same old dance over and over again, just trying to skip my way across the street to be buried. Just wanna be buried by some racist old lady with a locally syndicated radio commercial where she smiles and talks a little differently so her grandkids know Grandma's getting paid, making that shmoneys. I just want to feel that, buried by an old lady.

The band's playing and the phones go up, everyone's catching footage of the first 15 seconds while the bands still feeling weak and the crowds a little sour tummy. It's okay, it will pick up when the phones go down. The button's in my pocket now, beneath my finger nails, and I can't stop pressing it. I'm digging for it, but maybe it isn't in my pocket at all. Behind my knees I itch with my feet, my big ol' boots make my jeans dirty behind my knees, and I'm just digging digging digging trying to push that button in my pocket behind my fingernails before the phones go down and the band is playing.

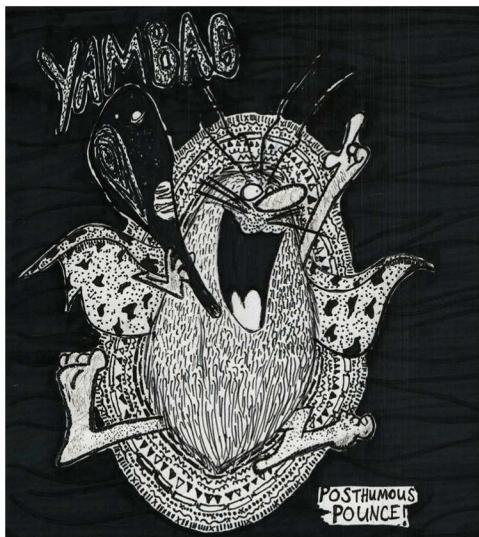
I don't know what day it is, like I really really don't. It's fine. I'm fine. I just need some water. The band is sweating but I don't know who for. Are they sweating for me? Are they sweating so I can sweat? But I'm not sweating yet. I haven't sweat in a long time.



YAMBAG - POSTHUMOUS POUNCE

Who the fuck sounds like Yambag? Nobody, that's who. This record is total fucking nasty insanity from start to finish. The first thing that struck me when I bopped this bop was that fucking bass tone! What the fuck is that sound? Truly insane. I don't care if you spend a million dollars or five dollars on your record, it is completely rare that a band is able to release something that sounds how they do live. Yambag did it, and they did it really really well. This record has all of the depth and chaotic energy of a live Yambag set. I seriously dare you to find me a faster and tighter band than Yambag with the raw hardcore energy that they effortlessly carry. Production value? What fucking production value?? Listening to this shit just pisses me off and makes me wanna move. Everything compliments everything in this endless blast beat attack, and the harsh barking vocals accent the groovy, uncompromisingly fast, rhythms. It feels like someone is playing a game of tug of war with your spleen. It feels like picking up your friend's dad's antique gun, thinking it's a replica, aiming it at your friend and pulling the trigger only to find that it was loaded and you've crossed the line from being a regular 14 year old kid with his whole life ahead of him to being a murderer. You can call the police and explain it was an accident, or you can raid the house for money and valuables and steal your friend's dad's car and just start driving with that antique pistol strapped to your side, never looking back on this bullshit city that crushed you when you were too young to realise that you were never gonna be a winner, the chips just weren't there. The choice is yours, fucker.

-Scotty



It's just not fun anymore.





Top Photo : AXE RASH
Bottom Photo : HETEROFOBIA



Understand that the show girls who dance next to America's
monument of death
And the traveling night watch man that compels tombstone
sales
Doesn't mind the liquid influence
It's the suds that gives it that spaceship carpet glow
Black light your bosom baby I'm staying for cheap
Your rent aint much

NEED FOR BLEED

BY SCOTTY

The anxiety of having to play a set is gone but the anxiety of having half a million people in my house tomorrow is starting to set in. It's fine though, I'm sipping on a beer and I have a clear shot between me and the back porch. A bunch of people I don't recognise give me strange looks as I unlock the back door and close it behind me. It's fine. I should have asked one of those dudes if they had a lighter but it's fine. I pack a bowl and settle into the couch. I'll just chill here for 5 minutes and make it back to the bar for the next band. There are so many people over there, it's overwhelming. It's fine, though. I'm fine. Just gotta rip this bowl.

"Hello?" A voice calls from the bathroom. At first I say nothing before the voice calls out again with slightly more desperation.

"What's up?" I call back from the couch.

"Who's there?" The voice asks.

"Um....Scotty? I live here."

"Oh hey Scotty," The voice says. "I hate to do this to ya, man, but do you have any cleaning supplies you can bring me?"

"Cleaning supplies?"

"Yeah, I kinda made a mess in here. I think I owe you guys some clean towels too."

It's the first night of Horrible Fest and somebody already puked all over my bathroom. No big deal, though. This is fine, we saw this coming. It's fine. I hunt down a bucket and some bleach.

"Alright," I say through the door, "I got you some shit."

The door cracks open to reveal Kellar standing in the steamy bathroom with a towel around his waist and a gash on his forehead. I had dipped out of Ratfucker's set during the last song to try to beat the rush outside, slightly disappointed that Kellar didn't cut his forehead like I had seen him do a week or two before when they had played their first set. All night I had been drunkenly telling people, *You gotta see Ratfucker, this dude bleeds all over himself classic wrestling style, it's fucking gnarly.* I didn't realise they were waiting for the last song to perform the stunt this time around. Makes sense. Ever try screaming for 15 minutes straight while losing blood?

"That cut looks deep," I say, feeling a little squeamish. I'm not that great with that sort of thing. With blood.

"Yeah, sorry, your roommate said I could use your shower after the set, I didn't think I was gonna spray blood everywhere."

Kellar opens the door all the way to reveal what had happened to the room. It looks like a fucking crime scene. The walls are completely covered in his blood. There's blood dripping from the ceiling, it covered the mirror, sprayed all over the shower curtain, and even managed to get on and in the toilet. Soap, towels, and the framed illustration of the old Chinese man smoking from a long pipe all look like they had survived a suicide attempt. I can taste a mix of whiskey and whatever I ate in the morning in the back of my throat but I swallow it down. I'm fine. This is fine. I am not about to be the first person to puke in this bathroom during Horrible Fest.





RATFUCKER-SIX TRACKS SEVEN SONGS

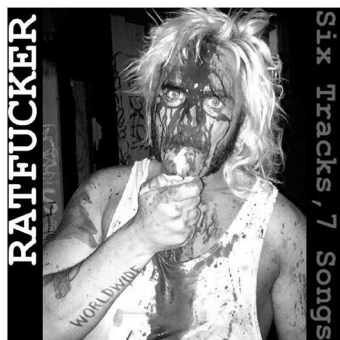
A little something for the d-beat lovers, but Cleveland style with ripping breakdowns and trippy bass lines. Raw (but not like that) and hard hitting threatening hardcore punk with noble and virtuous yet gross vocals with a hint of hepatitis. This shit hits, it's the kind of band you listen to to get hyped up for a job interview or workout session, and the type of

solos and song breaks reminiscent of ANTI CIMEX or something, but more technical at times. In fact this whole shit screams Swedish D-beat to a certain degree, but with American Hardcore sensibilities and a certain need for bleed found only in the armpit cities of this stupid fucking state.

"Fist of the North Shore" stands out for its lyrical content and ripping solo (a iil more heavy metal than the rest of the tape, which is cool), but really all of the lyrics and vocals on this demo stand out as being tough and straight to the point, with lots of backing vocal crowd chants that will come in handy when you see this band live. "Cheap Walls" takes the cake as the best song on the tape because of the slow, drudging intro. That shit rips. Basically the only thing you need to know about this demo is that these dudes are horny as fuck. Horny, horny, horny, I'm talking sex appeal, people.

I'm talking about a 65 year old man sitting in his laz-E-boy chair sipping on a redneck margarita watching WWE in 1986, realising for the first time that the reason he loves wrestling so much is that it allows him to express and experience his homosexual tendencies without shame, which he had been supressing all his life. With the sudden realization that he has wasted his best sexual years lying to himself about one of the core realities of his being, a single tear drips down his cheek. None of that matters now. He has learned to love himself unconditionally.

-Scotty



Hey Euro-Cones, come check out the freaky snarl of W-Mass' :



Le Zorba : 137 rue du Faubourg du Temple, 75010 Paris ou Métro Belleville 1.11 mercredi 29 avril 21:00

MOURNING [A] BLKstar - THE CYCLE

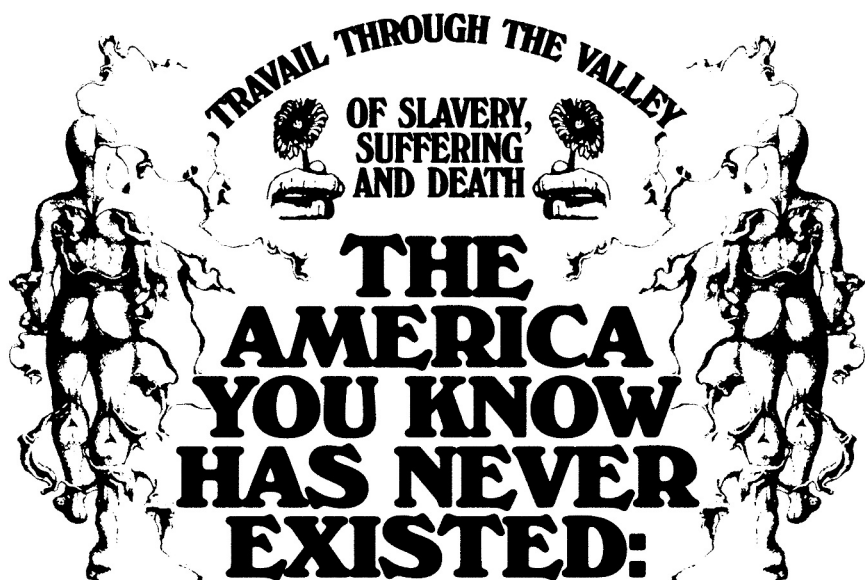
The first time I saw MAB I knew that I was witnessing something incredible. As a collective, they have put out nothing but amazing music since they began. Self-identifying as an experimental/afrofuturist group (which is a simplification to say the least), MAB utilize electronic beats, live instrumentation, brass/horns, samples, and an outstanding group of vocalists to craft powerful pieces of music that speak of empowerment, love, loss, and life as they know it as Black Americans. “The Cycle” weaves together stories of Black America past and present and reflects them off the lens of America in 2020. The quality of the musicianship is top notch and all of the myriad elements swim well together in this particular melting pot. They are artists with vision, and that vision commands attention. “Deluze (Solange Say Remix)” turns the narrative inward, the singer demands a response from herself, a change. She has had a realization that she doesn’t give enough of herself to her lover, doesn’t fully realize the love available within and without her. It makes her weep, he makes her weep, she forces a change in the cycle.

Each song on “The Cycle” is a story unto itself, the album a picture of all of us in some way or another. I’m afraid I could never do it justice in a review, really. Just go listen to it.

Change your cycle.

-Kat

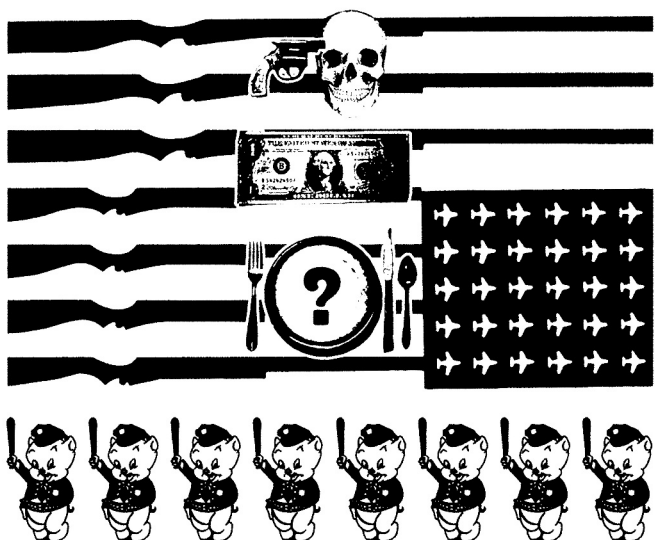




THAT VALLEY THERE BENEATH US

A LESION ON WORLD HISTORY

HIDDEN BY THAT DRIFTING MIST





OK SO MAYBE WE ARE ALL
GOING TO DIE

IT'S A JINX



Let the beating burst open with nerves doing love calculations on the tonal difference between the pulse of a hummingbird and a carwrecked

Maybe swoon at the moon just for the crow caw under boot heel when the glass glimmers back questions of the physical.

Then when the sidewalk sleets over, ice up those shiplegs for a good sail, catch the boom for a good wind.

Find that ink flows better analog, only it burns quick, fires hotter, leaves the scars more defined.

And finally, leave hope alone, but only just with words then steal it back from the broker under our mistress, moonlight.